

# The Nation and The Athenæum

THE NATION. VOL. XXXVII., No. 2.] SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1925.

[THE ATHENÆUM. No. 4954.]

## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... ..	35	REVIEWS :—	
THE HUSKS OF SOCIALISM ... ..	38	Robert Graves, Gamma; or, What Shall it Profit a	
MR. DAS AND LORD BIRKENHEAD ... ..	39	Man? By Bonamy Dobrée ... ..	50
CHANGE AND CONTINUITY. By Alfred Fabre-Luce ... ..	40	Chinese Art. By Roger Fry ... ..	50
LIFE AND POLITICS. By A. G. G. ... ..	41	Fiction. By Edwin Muir ... ..	51
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Guarantee of Existing Frontiers		The Truth about War ... ..	51
(Mrs. H. M. Swanwick); Holland and Belgium (Pro-		An Anglo-Irish Family ... ..	52
fessor P. Geyl); Birth-Control (Harold Cox and J. A.		The Genesis of Myths ... ..	52
Gillison) ... ..	43-45	The Modern Naturalist ... ..	53
PAUL. Chapter II. By the Author of "By an Unknown		The Two Samuel Butlers ... ..	53
Disciple" ... ..	45	ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE ... ..	54
TWO AND A GUIDE-BOOK. By Dorothy Johnson ... ..	46	BOOKS IN BRIEF ... ..	54
DECREPIT CORNERS. By A. Averchenko ... ..	47	FINANCIAL SECTION :—	
FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA. By Omicron ... ..	49	The Week in the City ... ..	56
AN AWFUL MARCH. Poem by Barrington Gates ... ..	49	Sudanese Loans ... ..	58
		Yields of Gilt-Edged Securities ... ..	58

All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

ANOTHER crisis has arisen in France, which seriously threatens both the life of the Herriot Government and the cohesion of the Cartel des Gauches. For some time past the Government has been embarrassed by two awkward financial problems. On the one hand, it has been evident that the currency issue could no longer be confined within the legal limit of 41 milliard francs, and that it would be necessary accordingly to raise the legal limit. This inevitable step is, of course, exceedingly unpalatable, because it seems to suggest that the Government is about to take a sudden plunge into inflation, though in fact it amounts to no more than a formal recognition of an inflation which has really been proceeding all the time. But as Ministers are responsible for the fiction that France has not been inflating, and cling to this pretence even now, they have only themselves to blame for the discredit attaching to the step which they are now compelled to take. The exposure of this fiction at the present time is rendered especially inconvenient by the second difficulty. Large sums of short-term debt are due for repayment in the near future. The confidence of the French investor has at last been really shaken, and it will be very difficult indeed to get new loans on the required scale taken up. It was, therefore, essential that the raising of the note issue should be accompanied by fiscal measures drastic enough to inspire confidence in the future solvency of French Government finance. These were the elements of the problem which has been M. Herriot's chief pre-occupation for some weeks past.

The crisis flared up on Thursday of last week, when M. Clémentel, the Minister of Finance, announced that the Government had decided to authorize the Banque de France to issue additional notes. This announcement appears to have been made without M. Herriot's approval, and it was followed by M. Clémentel's resignation. M. Herriot has since explained that, as the Cabinet's policy was, very properly, to couple the increase of the note issue with new measures of taxation, the premature disclosure of the former without any reference to the latter gave a misleading and unfortunate

impression. It is fairly obvious that a vital disagreement on policy lay behind this personal incident. M. Clémentel, it may be assumed, disliked the new fiscal measures which M. Herriot considered necessary, and was probably determined to resign in any case rather than to agree to them. M. Clémentel has been succeeded by M. de Monzie, and the finishing touches have hastily been put upon the Government's financial policy, which was introduced as a Bill in the Chamber on Tuesday. The Bill falls under two main heads. On the one hand, the currency limit is to be raised to 45 milliards, and the limit for advances by the Banque de France to the State is similarly increased from 22 to 26 milliards. On the other hand, fresh revenue is to be raised by a so-called "voluntary" capital levy of 10 per cent.

This project differs materially from anything which we should regard in this country as either voluntary or a capital levy. It is really a compulsory loan at the low (by current French standards, very low) rate of interest of 3 per cent. Those liable must subscribe 10 per cent. of their capital over the next five years, in instalments of one-twentieth per quarter. The word "voluntary" means only that the onus is thrown on the citizen of subscribing without waiting for a demand-note, though he is legally liable if he fails to do so; in other words, it relates to the convenience of the administrative machine rather than to the will of the taxpayer. A man's capital is to be estimated on the basis of his income-tax returns, different multiples being applied to the income from different classes of property, e.g., twelve for securities and house property, six for mines, three for commercial and agricultural profits. Subscriptions can be made in the form of Government securities, and approved commercial bills, as well as cash. The fate of this measure will be watched with interest. Direct taxation of any kind notoriously arouses a far deeper repugnance in France than it does here; and though the form of a loan may diminish this repugnance, it will certainly not remove it, while it annoys the Socialists who form an essential part of the Cartel des Gauches. M. Clémentel's resignation suggests

that an important part of the Right wing of the Cartel may decide to oppose the measure. There will certainly be no difficulty in finding plausible reasons for opposing it.

\* \* \*

If current rumours are well founded, the French crisis may introduce a procedure which will be a great departure in French politics: that of appealing to the electorate on a contested measure. There is nothing in the constitution which prevents this; but throughout its history the third republic has always avoided doing it. When a Government has lost its Parliamentary majority a new one has been formed, and general elections have taken place at the prescribed interval. This practice is in keeping with the French tradition of making the elected Chamber the real power in the State and of giving very limited terms of reference to the Executive. It tends to raise the prestige of the Deputy, and to lower that of the Minister of State. It has been recognized that this involves a lack of continuity in high places, which has been at times a source of military weakness. M. Millerand's attempt to raise the position of the Executive by giving the President more power failed when the Leygues Ministry fell; and during the last eighteen months there has been a strong movement in favour of imitating the British system of appealing to the electorate. It is, as yet, far too early to say how M. Herriot's proposal for a general election will be received; but the discussion it provokes will be of great interest in the history of French politics. Its effect upon the Deputies should, in particular, be watched closely.

\* \* \*

The fall of the Herriot Government would have a most serious effect on European politics. Its survival in a weak, enfeebled state will be hardly less, may perhaps even prove more, unfortunate. A satisfactory solution of the German disarmament issue, leading to the early evacuation of Cologne, is an essential condition of any move forward to a better state of things. But the truth seems to be that it would require not only a well-intentioned, but a strong French Government to agree to this; and the present crisis in Paris is therefore a most unfavourable omen for the peaceful development of Europe. We in Britain might have contributed just the element of prestige needed to enable M. Herriot to act in a liberal way, by a more conciliatory attitude towards the question of inter-Allied debts. The French public to-day is really more pre-occupied with the financial problem than with that of security; and a Government which could have pointed to a real financial success would have been able to assume a bold front on other issues. But we in Britain are not free from the French weakness of clinging so fondly to worthless paper claims that we throw away the chance of extracting real benefits from them.

\* \* \*

The Foch Military Board has now reported to the Ambassadors' Conference a second time on the material contained in the final Report of the Inter-Allied Military Commission of Control; and the Allied Governments are in possession of the considered opinion of their military experts on the exact state of German armaments and the precise respects in which Germany has failed to carry out the Treaty. It is understood that the Board's recommendations of the action now to be demanded from Germany will also shortly be presented. Nothing has as yet become known of the substance of the Board's findings, and the public in the Allied countries and Germany is still in the dark as to the exact nature of the evidence which has been made the ground for refusal

to evacuate Cologne. That withholding of essential information cannot now be much longer maintained: neither can the policy of *laissez faire* in regard to extension of the Occupation, which Mr. Chamberlain seems to regard as an adequate substitute for a positive line in the matter. There is a real danger that, under cover of the interest aroused by the security discussion, Ministerial and official circles will regard the Cologne question as having lapsed into a welcome obscurity, whence it need not emerge until the solution of the general Western European issue. That calculation is unsound. Cologne remains, as before, the touchstone of our sincerity in the execution of the Treaty; and the day cannot be much longer delayed when practical proof must be given of our determination to evacuate as soon as Germany, for her part, shall have fulfilled her obligations. The doubt as to our intentions in the event of opposition by France must be dispelled.

\* \* \*

It is now clear that the second round in the German elections will be fought out between the monarchist groups of the Right and the Weimar coalition of Centre, Democrats, and Socialists. The attempt to put forward a candidate who would detach the Centre from the democratic groups, and carry the votes of that party to the United Right, has failed; and Herr Marx will stand for election on a democratic and republican vote. The United Right have not been able to consolidate their position so quickly, and have failed to adhere to the consistent, well-organized system of electoral tactics which served them in such good stead at the general election. When the weakness of Herr Jarres' position became evident, and it was clear that none of the nominations suggested would satisfy the Centre, an attempt was made to get a candidate who would please the more extreme sections of the party: Marshal von Hindenburg. Now that this manoeuvre has failed, Herr Jarres has again been brought forward as the best man. A move like this had the obvious disadvantage of attempting to change horses in mid-stream, and of leaving the candidate finally selected in the thankless position of a man who has been chosen as a *faute de mieux*. The Nationalists cannot, therefore, be congratulated on their management of the campaign. Their one chance of victory is to secure a large proportion of the votes not cast in the first ballot, and they have handicapped themselves by letting their opponents take the field first. In any case, no worse candidate could have been thought of than Hindenburg. He refused the Chancellorship in 1917, when all Germany was at his feet, because he felt unable to make a single public utterance in the Reichstag. He would have been useless in an electioneering campaign, and helpless at the head of affairs. Herr Marx's chances of election seem good; but the campaign will be a long one, and with so many votes unregistered on the first ballot, there is still room for a fierce and uncertain struggle.

\* \* \*

In his speech at Birmingham on Monday Mr. Austen Chamberlain again gave evidence of his sense of the gravity of the situation with which, as Foreign Secretary, he has to deal.

"Fear broods over Europe," he said; "the fear of war breaking out again, not to-day, not to-morrow, not, as I think, in my time, but unless we can alter the outlook and unless we can relieve those fears, unless we can give confidence and security in the international sphere, it is brought home to me every day that Europe is moving uneasily, slowly it might be, but certainly to a new catastrophe."

This is, of course, almost a platitude, but, while it remains true, it is well that it should be constantly in



the minds and on the lips of British statesmen. Mr. Chamberlain's reference to the Protocol was not, however, so well phrased.

"It seems to us," he is reported to have said, "as it has always seemed to the United States and other great Powers, that there are some questions so vital to the honour or the necessities or even the life of the nation that we could not consent to refer them to arbitration, and if we did the time might come when a nation might not fulfil promises rashly made."

We dislike this reversion to the time-honoured reservation of "honour and vital interests." We agree that there are many questions which cannot properly be settled by arbitration; but the distinction between these questions and those which are "justiciable" does not turn upon their importance. Disputes which come under the categories which Article 13 of the Covenant defines as "suitable for submission to arbitration" may be vital, and may raise the point of "honour," as that word is used in the language of diplomacy. But we trust that no British Government will reject the method of arbitration in such cases. It is not, however, the bad logic of Mr. Chamberlain's distinction that we chiefly deplore, but the renewal of the suggestion, which was the worst feature of his statement on the Protocol, that the League is a useful instrument for dealing with minor matters, but unfitted to handle issues which are really serious.

\* \* \*

The result of the Ulster Parliamentary election, though it gives the Government a clear majority over all other parties, is highly disconcerting for Sir James Craig. The election was held for the avowed purpose of strengthening the hands of the Government in dealing with the report of the Boundary Commission, whatever that report may contain. For this purpose the election has been a fiasco; the Government's majority over all other parties having been reduced from 28 to 12, and its hands being therefore weakened considerably, though no one suggests that it has lost seats on the Boundary issue. The truth seems to be that Ulster is no longer wholly obsessed by antagonism to the Free State, but is beginning to take an interest in its own domestic politics. There are four Independent Unionists, three Labour members, and one Farmer in the new House; the Independents being chiefly disgruntled on such questions as education, temperance, and housing. The Nationalists now hold ten seats and the Republicans two, as against six each in the last House. This change will enable the Nationalists to exercise a definite influence on legislation when they take part in debates, as they now intend to do.

\* \* \*

Nothing could be much more disconcerting to Diehard Peers than Lord Birkenhead's speech on House of Lords Reform last week. The chief effect of his proposals would be to deprive some 400 peers of their right to sit in the Upper House. From 700 he would reduce the members of that House to about 300. Of these, some 120 would be Elder Statesmen—who had occupied the highest offices in the State or the highest military and naval offices. The other 180 would be co-opted from the present members of the House of Lords. In addition to these, he would have apparently a nominated element, known as Lords of Parliament, without acquiring hereditary rank, who would be nominated by the Prime Minister of the day. To the House thus constituted, Lord Birkenhead proposed to give the powers of the present House of Lords, as defined in the Parliament Act, with amendments providing that a Committee of equal numbers of members of both Houses, presided over by the Speaker, should, in a disputed case, decide whether or not a Bill was a money Bill; that no alteration of the

Parliament Act should be capable of being made unless there had been a General Election on the issue; and that Ministers should have the right of audience in both Houses of Parliament. These suggestions received a somewhat satirical welcome from Lord Lansdowne and a more cordial blessing from Lord Buckmaster, but it is improbable that they will arouse sufficient enthusiasm in Tory circles to secure their adoption.

\* \* \*

The new method of administering the Reparation Recovery Act will relieve the importer of German goods of all annoyance and anxiety. Those who have occasion to receive small parcels of books, &c., from Germany will greatly appreciate the change. The new procedure is certainly complicated on paper, but it may not be unduly so in practice. An association of exporters, representing not less than 800 firms, will surrender in sterling to the Reichsbank each month 30 per cent. of the invoice value of the exports of the whole group to Great Britain during the previous month. (It is estimated that 30 per cent. of the exports consigned by these firms should be approximately equivalent to 26 per cent. of the total exports from Germany to Great Britain.) These sums will eventually find their way through the Agent-General for Reparations to the British Government, and the Agent-General will eventually reimburse the German exporters with the equivalent in Reichsmarks of the sterling they have deposited. If this arrangement does not work well the two Governments have agreed to appoint a joint committee of experts to find another alternative to the present system. Mr. Churchill explained the new plan to the House of Commons on Tuesday; and Mr. Lloyd George, with some justice, claimed credit for the original measure, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had described as "practically the only effective means, yet devised, for securing to Great Britain her share in the German reparation payments." But Mr. Lloyd George would do well to restrain the optimism which leads him to expect that we shall ultimately obtain from this source the full annual sum which we need to pay the American debt.

\* \* \*

The Cabinet, encouraged by the "Times" and its distinguished correspondents, has applied the spur to Sir William Joynson-Hicks and the Factories Bill is to be passed into law this Session instead of waiting till next year. One result of this decision will probably be the disappearance of the Night Club Bill, but this will be a small price to pay for speeding-up so useful a measure as the Factories Bill. A more serious matter is the intention, attributed to the Government, of dropping many of the additions which the late Home Secretary made to the original Bill. The object of this proceeding is supposed to be to facilitate the passage of the Bill as an agreed measure, but is it not likely to have the contrary effect of rousing Labour opposition to certain clauses?

\* \* \*

Something of a sensation has been created in Belgrade by the fact that King Alexander has received in audience M. Paul Raditch, the acting leader of the Croat Party. This event may mean the dawn of a more peaceful era in Yugoslavia. The remarkable thing is that the advance has been made voluntarily by M. Raditch and his Croat followers, after the electoral triumph of their principal adversaries, the Pasitch-Pribitchevitch combination, and that, in consequence, the much desired Serbo-Croat *rapprochement* would seem to be nearer now than it was when M. Davidovitch sought to bring it about last autumn.

## THE HUSKS OF SOCIALISM.

"If there are any Liberals about don't let them make the mistake of worshipping in front of the empty tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, because there is nothing in it. The spirit is gone. . . . The time will come, perhaps, when even the Socialist movement will die. . . . It will carry on as far as it can in its present form, and then I hope and pray that our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren, when the time comes, will be sufficiently alive not to worship the old husks, as they then will be, of the Socialist creed, but will pass on to a higher expression of the same aspiration that now fills our hearts and animates our conduct."—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at Bradford on April 1st.

THUS Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in advising Liberals to throw in their lot with Labour. To those, and they are many, whose test of a political faith is its electoral success, the appeal may seem plausible. The Labour Party is young; it has grown rapidly from small beginnings, so rapidly that its recent setback fails to shake the popular impression that it is destined to march victoriously on to ultimate triumph. And for this reason it appeals to that exuberance of youthful spirits—by no means the same thing as genuine social enthusiasm, though often enough associated with it—which is attracted always by a rising star. The Liberal Party, on the other hand, is old, and has fallen upon evil days. Its future prospects are circumscribed by the patent fact that much of the electoral ground which it has lost can never be recaptured. And so, though it commands fully as much public spirit and devotion as the Labour Party, it lacks the magnetism of high spirits. In that sense, and in that sense only, "the spirit is gone." This contrast gives Labour a big advantage. Mr. MacDonald would have been well-advised to leave it at that. It was rash of him, even on All Fools' Day, to speak of "husks," and to pray ostentatiously for the dissolution of the Socialist Party as soon as its creed is obsolete.

For, if we are to take Mr. MacDonald seriously, it is not to his grandchildren nor his great-grandchildren that his precept applies; it should have been laid to heart by himself and his colleagues—in their younger days. Never was there a political formula more patently outworn than that of nationalization, which is still presented as the essential *Credo* of the Socialist faith. A generation ago, nationalization really did represent to its advocates something at once practicable and inspiring. Those were the days of the development of municipal enterprise, when an energetic policy in regard to such things as municipal tramways, municipal lighting, and public utilities generally was the hall-mark of a go-ahead city. They were the days when the extravagances of a *laissez-faire* philosophy had made natural an indiscriminating reaction, in which it was easy to confuse together under the common label of Socialism the utterly different projects of the State management of industry, and the taxation of wealth to promote measures of social reform like Old Age Pensions. They were the days before experience had bred a deep and widespread detestation of bureaucratic methods, which is nowhere more intense, and nowhere, we will add, more extravagant, than among the working classes. It was possible in those days for men of some intelligence to look forward to a gradual, continuous process of the nationalization and municipalization of one industry after another, until practically the whole sphere of economic activity was brought under

the direction of the State; and it did not then seem palpably absurd to hail this prospect as a glorious ideal. We do not doubt that in their younger days Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden saw these visions and dreamt these dreams.

The bankruptcy of this policy is so evident to-day that it seems almost a waste of time to criticize it. Indeed, no one advocates it any longer. Socialists are unanimous in asserting that they will have nothing to do with "bureaucratic Socialism"—the nationalization of industries, to be run by State departments, as every nationalized industry has hitherto been run; and they are full of scorn for critics old-fashioned enough to criticize this obsolete project. A new type of nationalization, we are told, is to be devised, which is to enlist the enthusiasm of the workers, avoid the evils of bureaucracy, and yet safeguard the public interests. Unfortunately, this statement of desirable criteria is all that has yet been done to fill in the details of the plan. There are, it is true, vague references to the "Guild idea," references which have to be left vague, because most Socialists can see that the actual schemes of the Guild Socialists are utterly impracticable. Indeed, the one thing that emerges clearly from current Socialist discussion is that while the old-fashioned State Socialism looked as though it might work on paper, and was only impossible psychologically, politically, and administratively, no new variant has yet been evolved which even on paper can be made to work at all.

No one knows this better than Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. In his "Socialism: Critical and Constructive," the preface to the new edition of which caused a hubbub last year, he dismisses "State Socialism" in the conventional manner as a "temporary and makeshift improvisation quite adequate to a time when the simple Socialist idea . . . had to be popularized." But when he comes to the modern, scientific application of the "simple Socialist idea," he can get no nearer a definite plan than the following passage:—

"Industrial transformation cannot be made by legislative action or Civil Service interference alone; it must also take place within the workshops themselves by labour having to shoulder increasing management responsibility, and by carrying through a policy of industrial enfranchisement worked out in detail for trade after trade. And when industry has been transformed and a communal organization is managing production and distribution for common ends, that organization will not be of the type of a bureaucracy but of a self-controlling function wherein the intelligence of the workman will be used for management as well as his muscles and skill used for work."

When the once clear-cut policy of nationalization has to be translated into woolly words like these, is it open to Mr. MacDonald to speak of "husks"?

The term "husks" is, indeed, most apposite to the present state of Socialist dogma. Husks are a nuisance; they cumber the ground; and the only influence which doctrinaire Socialism has exerted or seems likely to exert on the actual course of events is an obstructive influence. Labour Ministers did not propose last year to nationalize the mines or the railways or any other industry; nor would they have done so if they had had an independent majority, for the sufficient reason that they did not know how to do it. Anything they achieved, anything beneficial and constructive which they even distantly contemplated, lay in the field of that Liberal tradition which Mr. MacDonald dismisses as out-of-date. But Socialist



dogma reared its head to obstruct. Thus the Labour Party systematically obstructed schemes of electrical development, such as the Lanarkshire Hydro-Electric Power Bill (supported though this was by the Electricity Commissioners and by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the Ministers responsible), on the ground that private enterprise ought not to be allowed to supply electric power. This narrow pedantry of opposition to all private electricity Bills was actually adopted at last year's Labour Party Conference as the official policy of the party. Apart from such obstructive tendencies, all that the cry of nationalization does is to divert the public mind from a rational discussion of the real problems of the day. Thus, instead of focusing attention on the vital question of what our monetary policy should be, the Independent Labour Party agitates for the nationalization of the Bank of England; an institution which, managed as it is, not mainly with a view to profit for the shareholders, but with a view to the public interest as the Bank Court conceives it, and working, as Mr. Snowden testifies, in close touch with the Treasury, is, we should have thought, as good an application of the "Guild idea" as it would be possible to devise.

Why does the Labour Party cling so obstinately to this barren formula? Partly, no doubt, because of the difficulty which any sect finds in discarding a formula which it has once adopted and which impels men to talk nonsense to-day because other men crystallized their ideas imperfectly in bygone years. But that is not all. It is peculiarly difficult for the Labour Party to discard a formula, sanctified by long adoption, which serves to give the impression of a common, idealistic policy, because that party is in fact composed of fundamentally discordant elements. The two main sources of Labour's electoral strength are (1) its appeal to those who in the language of a decade ago are "rebels" against the existing social order, who are moved, not by a positive belief in the virtues of public management, but by a desire to "overthrow" something which they call "capitalism"; (2) its hold on the loyalty of the staid trade-unionist, who equally has no real belief in nationalization, who, indeed, if he is a textile worker has a healthy contempt for it, but who votes Labour because it is the party of trade-unionism. To the former element, nationalization and Socialism are merely slogans in the "class-war." The latter element is well represented by Mr. J. H. Thomas, who, exchanging compliments last week with Mr. Baldwin at the Great Western Railway luncheon, answered the charge that he was a traitor to his class by asserting boldly, "There is no class to which I belong." Between Mr. Thomas and the class-warrior from the Clyde there is a gulf, in all matters of opinion, immeasurably wider than that which separates the wings of an ordinary party. They can just hold together in this extraordinary coalition, called the Labour Party, so long as traditional dogmas are not too closely examined. It is indeed essential to Labour unity that its programme should be concerned with some vague abstractions, which may mean anything because they really mean nothing, rather than with living issues. This nominal unity could not, of course—as is recognized by every competent observer—stand the strain of a period of real responsibility and power. But meanwhile the unreality of Socialist dogma and the unreality of the Labour coalition help to support each other, to the confusion of British politics, and the postponement of the hope of a rational alternative to Conservatism.

## MR. DAS AND LORD BIRKENHEAD.

ONCE upon a time an Indian criminal tribe was relegated to a settlement under the charge of a Salvation Army captain. The captain was supplied with barbed wire wherein to entangle himself with his settlers, but the finance department had cut down his estimates, and two miles of his frontier were left open. Undismayed, he led the tribe to the gap and explained to them that they must consider the Sirkar wire to be running along the line he pointed out to them. His disciples laid his words to heart, and even when they had occasion to absent themselves without leave on urgent private affairs, they were always careful to force a way through the real entanglement rather than to walk out by the open road. Such is the Indian respect for the things of the imagination. And so with the road to Swaraj. We see, and Lord Birkenhead sees, the Montagu gate lying open. But Mr. Gandhi hypnotized a great section of the Indian people into believing that the gateway is obstructed, and we shall not easily persuade the population of India to pass through it. Mr. Das now makes as if he would lead his followers in the desired direction. But he, too, professes to see pitfalls in the road, and he will ask Lord Lytton to help him to climb over a gatepost, or cut a gap through the wire to the left or the right, rather than trust himself to Mr. Montagu's highway.

This is a serious difficulty. India and Mr. Das are to-day inclined to see what can be gained by co-operation. We need not inquire too closely into the causes of this "change in the angle of vision." It is more important that we should use it to help us to reach our goal, the establishment of responsible government in India. But we shall fail in this if we underrate the difficulties in our way, if we forget how hard it is for Indian leaders to persuade their followers to work a scheme which they have so long and so unreservedly denounced, or if we shut our eyes to the danger of deviating from that scheme. Mr. Das is said to ask for the release of the political prisoners, *i.e.*, the physical force men dealt with under extraordinary laws, and for an inquiry into the causes of the revolutionary spirit in India. No such inquiry is needed, for the causes are obvious and well known. The revolutionary spirit will always exist wherever one country is governed by another. It will grow active as the diffusion of education increases the self-consciousness of the subject people and as the chances of successful revolution appear to improve. It will tend to quiescence when foreign rule is felt to be a necessary and a temporary evil, and when men believe that the foreign ruler in good faith intends, and can, if necessary, be compelled, to relinquish his control at the proper season. But suspicion comes naturally in such circumstances rather than confidence, and more statesmanship is required to teach "the intelligentsia" patience than to disturb "the pathetic contentment of the masses." There will never be wanting adventurers, fanatics, and idealists ready to undertake the latter task, but few can get a hearing when they speak in the cause of patience.

The record of our dealings with India is not so inhumanly spotless that we have a right to be surprised at the existence of revolutionary conspiracies in Bengal. It is no use releasing the revolutionaries and pretending that it was all a mistake. By all means let us release them if we mean to leave India bag and baggage. If not, we must hold them till we have substantial guarantees that the men will cease to be revolutionaries, or that witnesses will be free to speak the truth without fear of consequences in trials in the ordinary courts. No

doubt the best guarantee we could get would be Nationalist Ministers in office in most of the provinces, supported by Nationalist parties in the Councils, and pledged to work the Reforms in the spirit. To secure this guarantee in India's present mood seems not impossible. New Indian elections would be necessary and we should be asked to make concessions, probably to transfer the responsibility for law and justice to the charge of Indian Ministries. That would not be out of harmony with the spirit or the letter of the Montagu scheme. It is six years since there was any chance of securing Indian co-operation at so reasonable a price, and though there is a risk involved, it might be worth taking the risk so far as we are concerned. But the transfer would probably force us to attempt a new solution of the Hindu-Moslem problem which Mr. Gandhi has recently pronounced insoluble. Lord Reading will soon be in England. He has seen India through a very difficult time, and has shown himself a cautious statesman. The Secretary of State for India will at least have the benefit of the best possible adviser at the moment when his policy must be definitely shaped.

### CHANGE AND CONTINUITY.

By ALFRED FABRE-LUCE.

*[M. Fabre-Luce is a representative of that school of French opinion which deserves to be called liberal. For this reason, although it will be apparent that he approaches the problem of security from an angle different from our own, we think that his article will be of interest to our readers.—ED., THE NATION.]*

LONG elaboration, then rejection of the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance: adhesion of forty-seven delegates to the Geneva Protocol, and six months later its solemn "burial"—an evolution, in short, more than sufficient to disturb public opinion, and to facilitate the propaganda of those whose pleasure it is to represent the labours of the League of Nations as Utopian structures destined to be speedily overturned by the "sacred egoism" of the Governments. Changes in the domestic situation in various countries have contributed to the creation of this impression. To this must be added the exaggerating effect of the comments of certain journalists of the daily Press anxious to give flavour to their daily copy by stressing differences and ventilating developments. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain's vigorous discourse at the recent session of the Council has been widely interpreted as the complete repudiation of a long-drawn-out effort at international collaboration. These choppings and changes, however, must not lead us to ignore either the continuity of the work undertaken by the Geneva organizations; or the permanence of the great national interests which they exist to reconcile; or, again, the infinite suppleness of practical politics, which always tends to correct and equalize theoretical schemes of very differing appearance. If we keep our gaze fixed on these realities, we shall no longer be so nonplussed by the supposed difficulties of the peace.

The contrast would seem to be absolute between the Treaty of Mutual Assistance of 1923—a simple organization of security within the strict framework of the Covenant—and the Protocol of 1924, with its ambitious general scope; between the universal organization which this Protocol means and the Treaties embodying particular guarantees to which the Governments of France, Germany, and Great Britain are now tending. Nevertheless, the Protocol arose out of the Treaty of Mutual

Assistance, in that it represented an attempt to correct that document in conformity with the criticisms made by the parties interested: from the standpoint of security, indeed, it was hardly other than the sum total, or combination, of the particular treaties which opinion is now being led to envisage; finally, as regards arbitration, the Protocol left certain loopholes open to the signatories; and in respect to certain other points bound them only by the obligations of the Covenant itself, which still stands.

For purposes of comparison, let us select the essential points of the mechanism. Many contingencies are foreseen in the Protocol, and it appears to be of an infinite complexity. In reality it is more simple, and on the outbreak of the first conflict all attention would be found to be focused on certain clauses. Arbitration is included under various forms, ingeniously elaborated; but the authors of these provisions have not disguised the fact that only rarely would matters be carried as far as arbitration. The mere threat of it would be not without effect; for it would constitute an incentive to the Governments to come to terms in advance, rather than to risk so dangerous a gamble. In general, however, it would be before the Council of the League that the litigants would appear. And then, in this political committee, this organ of compromise, would not the instructions given by each Power to its representative reflect its interests and preferences? Moreover, even in the event of arbitration having ensued, there would always be a moment—and a moment of capital importance—when the Governments would remain masters of their own actions. Under the Protocol, as under the Covenant, the extent and nature of the military assistance to be given by members of the League against an aggressor State can only be the subject of "recommendations" by the Council, and these "recommendations" themselves have to be voted unanimously, *i.e.*, with the consent of the Government interested. How would these provisions work out on the hypothesis which to-day is present to every French mind, the hypothesis, namely, of an Eastern conflict in which Great Britain would regard her vital interests as not involved? Everything leads us to suppose that the British delegate on the Council would in the first instance try to secure acceptance of a conciliation formula, so framed as to eliminate conflict: and that if he did not succeed in this attempt, he would adduce the distant position of his country and its reduced army as grounds for limiting the scope of its assistance. In this way the Protocol would be adjusted to political necessity. This is not to say that it would make no difference. In filling up the gaps in the Covenant, and in attempting to link up with every aggression the rejection of a pacific solution in which the honour of the League would be involved, the Protocol strengthened the moral obligation to intervene. If words have any power over things—and some belief of this order is necessarily at the base of all work for peace—it represented our only chance of seeing a part of English opinion interest itself in the guarantee of the Eastern settlement; and that is why we have always been astonished to behold in France a certain number of "polonophiles" combating the Protocol. Nevertheless, it is necessary to conclude from this brief comparative survey that in matters so important, so linked up with tradition, and so constantly discussed in public, there cannot be a national change of policy in six months; and that if paper schemes suggest that there can, they are misleading us.

In a general way the League of Nations is handicapped by certain Utopian ideas propagated by its founders, which, although they are now without influence



on its labours, remain the criterion by which the public judges of its success. It is daily reproached for not being universal. But from the first its theoretical universality has been limited by an opposition of principle to the Soviet system, and by the formal recognition within the Covenant of the Monroe Doctrine. Even within the framework of these limitations the theoretical universality of the League has been successively impinged upon by the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, which makes the military assistance for which it provides Continental only in scope, and by the Protocol itself, which restricts this universality in accordance with the geographical position and scale of armaments of the respective countries (Article 11). Or, to put it differently, if the theoretical framework of the League of Nations be regarded as the starting-point, it may be said that a double evolution has occurred, tending in respect of arbitration to universality, and in that of security to particularity of engagements. In our view, moreover, it appears of less interest to dwell on what the League might include than on what it does include. The essential thing is to remain solidly attached to its principles, and to rally to their defence as many nations as one can.

If European accord were based unequivocally on the maintenance of these principles, we should not regard the rejection of the Protocol as ground for anxiety; for, in order to make the Covenant live, it would be necessary in the end to revert to the essential provisions of the Protocol; and the difference between the documents would be no more than a difference of method. Neither could the German proposals endanger peace, for the Covenant offers us in this very connection an extremely clear guide. In France arbitration is often spoken of as the means whereby the *status quo* may be consecrated: in Germany as that whereby the Treaties may be overthrown. It is relevant, therefore, to recall to all parties that revision of the Treaties is formally provided for in the Covenant, but that it can only take effect through the agency of the Assembly (Article 19) or of the Council (Article 11), that is to say, with the consent of the interested parties influenced or determined by the recognition of a general interest in such revision. Any proposition put forward by Germany which was conformable to these Articles could hardly be rejected by the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles; any proposition passing beyond them would, in fact, have no chance of being accepted.

Thus, among so many projects dead or in process of being born, the spirit of the Covenant represents the living and linking principle of continuity, and also the criterion by which a choice among them can be made. If it remains in being, all else can be grouped round it. But—and this is the only really serious point—it is precisely on this question of the position of the Covenant that public opinion is beginning to doubt, and to ask whether recent events have not, in fact, impaired it. In this connection Mr. Chamberlain's speech has spread consternation among many of the League's friends. Alongside detailed criticisms of Articles 7, 8, and 15 of the Protocol—criticisms which, as M. Benes pointed out, could easily be met by amendments—the British Minister made some shorter and vaguer, but much more important, observations, which, unfortunately, *via* the Protocol, attack also the Covenant. When, for instance, he criticized "the fresh emphasis" laid by the Protocol upon sanctions, and indicated that these did not appear to him indispensable to the activity of the League, how was it possible not to discern a certain scepticism with regard to Article 16 of the Covenant, which, as it

happens, is an Article of British origin? When he declared that "the brooding fears which keep huge armaments in being have little or nothing to do with the ordinary misunderstandings . . . with which the League is so admirably fitted to deal," did he not imply that conflicts of greater gravity appeared to him beyond the power of the League to control? On these essential points and on many others it happens that an English book recently published gives by anticipation the best of answers. If English opinion does not meditate seriously upon the well-thought-out arguments set forth by Professor Noel Baker in his long commentary on the Geneva Protocol, and if the British Government does not furnish a more reassuring interpretation of its rejection of the Protocol than it has yet done, many legitimate suspicions will be awakened in Europe.

But in the event of England definitely refusing to participate in a general organization of European security, how could she claim that disarmament of the Continent, or that control of the Eastern Alliances of France, which up till now have been the constant objectives of her policy? It would be very astonishing if she were to abandon them so quickly. And here, again, we may expect to see, under the process of change, the re-emergence of the principle of continuity.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

THE discussions in the House of Commons have brought out very clearly the defects in the method of dealing with the estimates of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Service. Each estimate is taken separately, and no opportunity is afforded the House of considering the expenditure of the three services as a whole. The services are regarded as water-tight compartments, wholly unrelated to each other. This vice was sufficiently serious in pre-war days, but it is much more grave now that a third service, that of the Air, has been brought into existence. Already the cost of this service approximates to the cost of the Army a dozen years ago, and unless a halt is called to the expenditure in armaments that cost will certainly be greatly expanded. That this new burden on the taxpayer should be developed also on water-tight lines is deplorable. The demands of the Air Service should be discussed in relation to the demands of the older services, in order that the ground as a whole should be explored for some equivalent reduction on land and sea to meet the new charges for the Air. Nothing of the kind has taken place, and nothing can take place under the rules of the House. The three debates were extremely disappointing, and the result is that the Government have got their way and will later produce supplementary estimates that will run into millions. As an example of the possibilities of retrenchment the case of the cavalry is conspicuous. The experience of the war showed that cavalry are as obsolete as bowmen, yet we are still burdened with 12,000 horse-soldiers, costing two millions a year. There is no reason to doubt the practicability of saving enough on the Army and Navy to meet the cost of the Air Service. That should be the object in view, but it will not be reached so long as the defence problem is presented to Parliament in the present piecemeal fashion. There ought, in future, to be a debate on the aggregate vote of the three services.

Lady Astor made a bad slip in the Hayday incident, and her many friends in the House who appreciate her

sincerity and enjoy the engaging levity she occasionally indulges in especially regret the lack of spontaneity in her withdrawal from an impossible position. Her tendency to excessive censoriousness when the question of drink is involved is a not uncommon weakness of the crusader. Even so great a man as Johnson was apt in his periods of rigid abstinence to regard everybody who drank as more or less drunk. The only occasion I recall on which he was effectively silenced arose out of that habit of intolerance. He turned angrily on Reynolds in the midst of a discussion with the remark that he was "too far gone" to be listened to, and Reynolds replied, "I should indeed be too far gone, sir, if I had made the remark you have now made." For once the weapon was knocked out of the great man's hand, and the rest was silence. I do not think Johnson ever tried the knock-out blow with Reynolds again.

I can imagine that the jurymen who spent such an unconscionable time in hearing the Dennistoun case are left in some doubt about the value of the jury system. The judicial habit of submitting elaborate questionnaires to the jury has, of course, the effect of blurring the issue rather than clearing it, but in this case there can be no question that the jury intended, in spite of the very emphatic address from the bench, to give a verdict for the woman. The interpretation of their verdict, however, practically constitutes a decision for Dennistoun. The judge commented on the bitterness with which the case had been fought. In legal circles there has been much adverse criticism of the conduct of the case—a criticism from which, by the way, Mr. Norman Birkett has been excluded. Indeed, it is a long time since an advocate sprang to the front so suddenly and successfully as Mr. Birkett did by his remarkable speech for the defence—"the best speech I have heard in the courts for ten years," said a very high authority on the case and on the advocate's art. The decadence in the manners and methods of counsel, very marked in recent cases, is held to be not unrelated to a change in the tone of the bench. Since Mr. Justice Darling set the fashion of cracking jokes, there has been an increasing tendency for judges to cultivate publicity and to use the bench sometimes as a pulpit and sometimes as a stage. It is a bad practice, and unless it is checked the administration of justice in this country will become as theatrical as it is in France. It is not the function of judges to provide copy for the reporters, and if they set the example of decorum and restraint the bar will not be slow to follow the cue. Bacon likened a talkative judge to a tinkling cymbal, and the comparison still holds good.

While it is to be hoped that we have heard the last of the case, there is one point arising from it that urgently requires investigation. How did Dennistoun come to be appointed to the staff of the Versailles Council? He was not appointed by Cowans, who had no authority in the matter, but, I imagine, by the Army Council, or some other power, possibly at the inspiration of Cowans. It was a distinction which would have been welcomed by hundreds of competent and eligible men, and judging from his performances in the witness-box Dennistoun's claims on merits were negligible. Why, then, was he chosen? The relations of his wife with Cowans were no doubt a commonplace in Army circles. That fact was not a disqualification if his personal merits were conspicuous. But was the fact, so far from being a disqualification, directly or indirectly connected with his appointment? The suggestion is that it was, and both

the public interest and the credit of the service require that that suggestion should not remain unchallenged.

The return of Mr. Devlin to active public life is a welcome event on personal grounds, for there is no more attractive figure in the political world than he is. But it is even more gratifying as a sign of the improving atmosphere of Irish affairs. Mr. Devlin is far too practical and sensible a statesman to have approved of the policy of boycotting the Ulster Parliament, and now that he has been elected with the declared intention of taking his seat, the political situation in Ulster enters definitely on a new and more promising phase. Nor will the change of policy be without favourable reactions on the position in the Free State. Indeed, the omens in Ireland are generally more favourable than they have been for many a long day, and there are reasonable hopes that even the boundary question may be satisfactorily settled. I hear gratifying accounts of the progress of the work, and gather that the report is expected to be ready in two months or so.

By the way, a book on Ireland which I think will "raise the waters" in the political world will be published this year. It is a history of the Irish movement from the '98 to the present time. The author is Sir James O'Connor, formerly Attorney-General for Ireland and later a Lord Justice of the High Court in Ireland. Sir James is a devout Catholic and a Home Ruler, but he is a man of candid speech and judicial mind, and his book will deal very faithfully with the extravagances of the Irish movement both on the political and the clerical side. Its conspicuous fairness towards this country is a feature which will be resented by the anti-English Irishman, of the Archbishop Mannix and Judge Cohan type, but it will be endorsed by every Irishman who wishes to promote the reconciliation which is now possible between the two countries, and which is very visibly in progress.

There is an extraordinary resolution down on the agenda paper for the I.L.P. Conference next week. It proposes that a Commission shall be set up to ascertain what can be regarded as a minimum wage; that Parliament, having accepted the recommendation, should call upon industries to reorganize themselves to meet the demand, and that in the event of any industry failing to do so Parliament should determine what measures of public ownership or control are necessary to bring the industry up to the mark. So the prosperous industries are to remain in private hands and the unprosperous ones are to be nationalized. It seems a topsy-turvy way of inaugurating the socialization of industry, and it will be interesting to see what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden have to say about it.

Mrs. Haldane, who entered her second century on Thursday, is remarkable for the retention of her physical and mental powers alike. A couple of years ago Lord Haldane, in answer to my inquiry as to her health, said: "She is wonderful. She still reads German, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek without spectacles." Since then she has read her son's book on "Relativity," and grasped it, an achievement which commands my admiration as much as the other. Such intellectual power and vivacity maintained to such an age must be difficult to parallel.

A. G. G.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## GUARANTEE OF EXISTING FRONTIERS.

SIR,—You have suggested more than once that one of your chief objections to the Protocol is that it guarantees all existing frontiers against forcible change. It would interest your readers very much to know what you make of Article X. of the Covenant. In this Article "the Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League." It is true that in case of such aggression it is only laid down that "the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled," but it is quite clear that the intent of the Covenant is that it shall be fulfilled in some way or other and not merely evaded. What, then, as honourable signatories to the Covenant, do you suggest we should do about it? Must we not either (1) "preserve" the boundaries of Poland as of every other State Member? or (2) denounce that part of the Covenant? Is it up to us to say simply that we don't like Article X. (nor Article XVI.) any more, so, though we signed the Covenant in 1919, we don't seriously intend to keep it? I happen to have been one of those who never liked the force clauses and did an immense deal of campaigning against them, when my countrymen were enthusiastically in favour of them; but I don't like this way out of the difficulty. This country and the Dominions seem to have changed their minds about Sanctions. I am glad. But the sanctity of Treaties, the establishment of international law which we are all bound to keep, seems to me paramount. Do you advise that we should loyally and openly denounce Articles X. and XVI. of this Treaty?—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK.

[The issue raised by Mrs. Swanwick is so important and so little understood that we think it well to reply at length.

Article 10, whatever may be its exact significance, carries with it no warlike commitments of an "automatic" nature. "Sanctions" are dealt with in Article 16, which begins: "Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Article 12, 13, or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake . . ." The omission of all reference to Article 10 in this pivotal clause was obviously deliberate and is surely significant. Articles 12, 13, and 15 impose upon members the obligation to submit any dispute to the League's conciliation procedure—delay, inquiry, &c.—before resorting to war. This, therefore, is the obligation which we are bound by the Covenant to join in enforcing. If Britain is unwilling to be so committed, we agree with Mrs. Swanwick that we ought to say so frankly; but for our part, so far from wishing to denounce Article 16, we have always urged that we should make it clear that we mean to uphold it loyally. Between an obligation to enforce delay and recourse to peaceful procedure, and an obligation to enforce decisions on the matters in dispute, with which we may very likely disagree, there is in our judgment an all-important difference. The former seems to us not excessive from our national standpoint, and the minimum required to constitute the Covenant a reality. We have consistently argued that we should hold fast to this, while being very cautious indeed about further extensions of our commitments.

But what of Article 10, to which, as we say, no sanctions are attached? Elaborate, though abortive, attempts were made at the Second Assembly in 1921 to clear up the meaning of this Article; and, as the result of those discussions, the following seems to us the most reasonable interpretation. Article 10 represents, not a precise definition of obligations, but a preliminary assertion of general principle—the principle that territorial arrangements should not be altered by force of arms. The succeeding Articles, 11-17, proceed to translate this general principle into terms of definite obligations, so far as this could be done with common consent. It is as though it had been said: "In order to give effect to the principle of Article 10, we pledge ourselves to this, that, and the other." For

the rest, Article 10 remains merely a guiding principle. This is not to say that it has no significance. We take it to mean that there is a general presumption against any State which resorts to arms in order to change existing frontiers—a presumption which perfunctory compliance with Article 15 would not suffice to rebut. We further take it to mean that there is a moral obligation upon us to come to the support of the party attacked, unless we think that it has been unduly obstinate, and that the State desirous of change has fairly made out its case. But of such points, we maintain, the Covenant leaves us free to judge. Provided Articles 12-15 have been complied with, we are not bound by Article 10 to go to war on behalf of a State which we think in the wrong on the merits of the issue. Article 16 is our only "automatic" commitment.

This is not, we would observe, a mere gloss of our own invention. It emerged at the Second Assembly as a widely accepted—we may fairly say, the prevailing—view. The following, for example, was the "interpretative resolution" proposed by sub-committee 6:—

"The object of Article 10 is not to perpetuate the territorial distribution and political organization as they were established or existed at the time of the recent Treaties of Peace. Changes may be effected by various legitimate methods, including even war, when the pacific methods provided by the Covenant have been exhausted. The Covenant admits this possibility."

This resolution was not, it is true, adopted. It was thought more prudent to shelve the whole question. But when such interpretations have been advanced in this quasi-official way, and have not been officially repudiated, Britain could not fairly be charged with bad faith if she acted on the interpretation we have given above. We can see no point, therefore, in denouncing Article 10, unless indeed we object to there being any presumption against a State which tries to alter frontiers by force. For our part, we endorse this presumption; for, while we reject the idea that Britain should guarantee the *status quo*, we agree with supporters of the Protocol that there ought to be a sincere attempt to make it work.—ED., THE NATION.]

## HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

SIR,—In your paragraph on the agreement concluded between the Dutch and Belgian Governments you appear to me in some respects to misapprehend the position, and I shall be grateful if you will allow me to explain the matter as it strikes a Dutch observer.

After having recalled the privileged position with regard to Antwerp which Holland was given by the Treaty of Westphalia of 1648, you say that "even now the Dutch appear to have retained some of their privileges." It would be difficult to defend that view of the case. You suggest that the Treaty of Westphalia is blessed with nine lives. But it is only some of its territorial provisions which survive to this day. The strip of country on the south bank of the Scheldt, called Zeeland Flanders, has remained Dutch through all changes of régime, in accordance with the wishes of its inhabitants. Consequently, the lower course of the Scheldt runs through Dutch territory and its national status is determined by its geographical conditions.

Your statement that "the Dutch have stuck to their main contention, that they possess full sovereignty over the lower waters of the Scheldt," is beside the mark for another reason. The negotiations which have resulted in this agreement had nothing to do with questions of sovereignty. The Great Powers, guarantors of Belgium's neutrality, who referred the points at issue between Holland and Belgium to private negotiations between the two countries, had expressly stated that no transfers of sovereignty were to be considered. Holland's position on the lower Scheldt, then, is firmly based on an unchallengeable right of possession. It follows that it is absurd to speak of Dutch "privileges" in connection with that position. On the contrary, it is Belgium who has had a privileged position on the lower Scheldt ever since 1839, when a treaty with Holland safeguarded the approach to Antwerp and gave Belgium a certain share in the administration of the river. The effect of the new agreement is to strengthen and to extend those privileges.

It seems to me to be of some importance that these distinctions should be carefully observed in writing about

the Scheldt problem. Not because I, or any other Dutchman, should grudge Belgium that privileged position, or should deny that the special interests of the port of Antwerp constitute a claim which cannot be disregarded. On the contrary, Holland has always been ready to recognize that claim and has never abused her position on the lower Scheldt to impede the trade of Antwerp. You say that "the Belgians have always felt it as a grievance that the Dutch could, if they chose, refrain from buoying or dredging the channel for large vessels, and thus render worthless all harbour improvements at Antwerp itself." It may be true that the Belgians have felt they had a grievance, but I think that in fairness to Holland you might have added that the Dutch have as a matter of fact never chosen to refrain from doing any of those things. Also, when you describe the Scheldt part of the agreement as "a diplomatic victory for the Belgians," it should be remembered that it was an easy victory: there was no objection on the part of Holland to conceding to Belgium a larger share in the management of the river for navigation purposes. In fact, the negotiations which were initiated shortly after the Armistice would have run a perfectly smooth course and led to an agreement almost at once, had not the Belgians, flushed by the victory of the Allies, complicated them from the start by political and annexationist ambitions. Even so, the present agreement could have been signed in 1920, but for the Wielingen dispute, which caused Belgium in that year to withhold her signature, but which the two countries have now agreed to leave aside so as no longer to prevent their solving questions of an economic nature.—Yours, &c.,

P. GEYL.

#### BIRTH-CONTROL.

SIR,—In your issue of March 28th, there appears a letter signed by "A Woman" challenging the views I expressed in favour of birth-control in my letter of March 7th. The writer—with more regard for controversy than for courtesy—suggests that possibly "I look upon the taking of life as no more criminal than the prevention of life." May I in turn suggest that she should submit this comparison to some prominent members of the Roman Catholic Church? The priests of that Church are required to remain celibate, and women are recognized in that Church as peculiarly religious if they undertake a vow of celibacy. This is clearly the prevention of life; is it comparable with the taking of life?

Your correspondent herself is in favour of prevention of life. She expresses approval of "that individual self-control which refuses to bring children into the world without a reasonable prospect of material sustenance for them." On this point she and I are fully in accord. The only question is how this individual self-control is to be exercised. Is it to be exercised by husband and wife denying to one another the primary relationship of marriage, or is it to be exercised by the prudent use of methods which will enable that relationship to continue without the risk of producing children that ought not to be produced? The former plan is in the strict sense of the word unnatural. It is unnatural for married people, while still in the prime of life, to live together without satisfying one of the most powerful of natural instincts. According to the teaching of St. Paul, it is for the satisfaction of this natural instinct that marriage exists. He writes: "It is better to marry than to burn." He explicitly advocates marriage in order "to avoid fornication." He is equally emphatic that when people are married they should not deny to one another the primary relationship of marriage. "Let the husband render unto the wife her due; and likewise also the wife unto the husband."

Your correspondent also ignores the general teaching of Christ's life, namely, the duty of bringing help to those who suffer. In England to-day there are tens of thousands of poor women living in constant dread of a fresh conception. Many of them have already had more children than they can properly bring up; many of them are already suffering from grave physical troubles as the result of too frequent pregnancies; their lives are a prolonged struggle against ill-health and poverty; the marriage relationship, which should be a cause of happiness,

has become a terror. The only practical way of helping these poor women is to teach them how they can avoid the risk of conception. Guessing that many of your readers would have a more vivid understanding of the duty of human kindness than your correspondent apparently possesses, I made the appeal on behalf of the Walworth Welfare Centre contained in my letter of March 7th. The response to that appeal has been most generous. The total received will cover the necessary outgoings for a full month. But the need for further expansion of the work is urgent. We want to enlist personal as well as financial support for the movement, and I shall be very glad to get into communication with any persons who are willing to help.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD COX.

153A, East Street, Walworth Road, S.E.

SIR,—Some words are born into the vocabulary of a nation undeservedly handicapped, like rogues, suspect from the cradle. These words march through the world in a half-comic guise which masks their true significance. Such a word is "Eugenist."

"Eugenists tell us" that, yet a little sleep, and we may awaken at noontide to a conquest of the middle classes by slumdom; of sturdy independence by hereditary ineptitude; of all of us by a new form of Poplarism against which civilization can forge no weapons. Some mutter "alarmists," others are amused, but some read and consider. These last will welcome your publication of "C.3." (THE NATION, March 21st).

A careful reading of Mr. Clement's article leaves the impression that, in a mood of reaction against those "exasperating" people who emphasize the importance of good stock (by implication of their own kind), he has done less than justice to conscientious biology and the established facts of heredity, which provide the strongest evidence in favour of his case for birth-control among the poor. True, vast regions in the study of heredity are still unexplored, but it does not follow "that we know nothing of the principles of heredity" which might help us to understand the apparent paradox of a good father having a bad son, nor does it follow that a De Montfort school for statesmen would play a greater part in the total make-up of a man than the sum of his inborn qualities. Mr. Clement further remarks, "Probably the most valuable thing the majority of children acquire from their well-to-do parents is a favourable environment during childhood and adolescence. 'Culture' and 'character' are often convertible terms." This subject of heredity has been even more misused than most by loose terminology. Neither "Culture" nor "Organic Inheritance" can ever be convertible terms for "character." Character is the expression in development of the reaction of inborn qualities to environment, i.e., the impact of *nurture* on *nature*. It may be impossible to say which factor is the more important to the individual, but whereas *natural* aptitude can be re-impressed on successive generations, if *natural* aptitude be lost, who can find it?

When we discover workers like Professor J. A. Thomson, who have earned the right to speak with authority and who are qualified by temperament and scientific equipment for evaluating biological evidence, forced to the conclusion that it is unlikely that any changes, good or bad, in an individual due to culture, or the lack of it, can affect the nature of the inborn inheritance that individual can transmit to offspring, but that only those qualities which are inherent in the embryo at conception can be handed on; and when we in our turn find the weight of evidence compelling us to accept the same conclusion, we cannot escape the invidious duty of deciding: (a) whether qualities indispensable to the nation, such as enterprise, are or are not "of germinal origin"; (b) whether such qualities are or are not possessed in greater degree, on the average, by one class rather than another; and (c) whether anything can be done to prevent a succession tax being levied on the nation as a whole in the currency of valuable inborn qualities which no cultural measures can replace.

Most investigators now believe that only that which is of true germinal origin, and not that which is due to culture, is heritable. If this view of heredity seems at first to



stress unpleasantly the irreplaceability of good stock, it is also a gospel of hope to Slumland, bringing tidings of the almost incorruptible nature of the germ-plasm, although this complex aggregate of initiatives may be housed for several generations in bodies warped or stunted by overcrowding and neglect.

If it could be shown to be true that all the slum dwellers need is better housing, and more education, to make them as good as anybody else, our duty to the future would be more clear. An equal division of wealth and educational facilities (for, viewed as progenitors, all are equal) would be the only course which could justify us in the eyes of history. Granted the premise, this philosophy of communism is not readily assailable.

The theory of "the non-transmissibility of acquired characters" strengthens the claim both of education and of birth-control. It postulates that the ignorance of the fathers does not condition the educability of the children, but that each generation comes like a new-sponged slate, on which nurture may write an immortal message or scrawl an ugly caricature—although she cannot change the substance of the slate.

It is fair to assume that your contributor, "A Woman,"

can hardly have examined the facts of a subject which she "hates to touch," but as she appears to think that "the instinct of the Healer" is finely remote from "nauseous" practical applications of knowledge, may I quote Dr. John Brown's remark on the evolution of this instinct in medical students? "They (the students) get over their professional horrors and into their proper work; and in them pity as an emotion, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a motive is quickened, and gains power and purpose."

Humanity and the common weal voice the plea of the poor for instruction in birth-control, for rapidly recurring pregnancies undermine the mothers' vigour, and pre-natally and post-natally adversely affect the nutrition of their children. The poor themselves are seldom vocal about any of their needs, but some years of medical practice in an over-populated borough have convinced me that, in this matter, ninety poor mothers in every hundred are waiting for authoritative guidance where now they can only guess and fear.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. GILLISON.

141, Jamaica Road,  
Bermondsey, S.E.16.

## PAUL

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE."

### CHAPTER II.\*

PAUL left Jerusalem in the early morning. He was in haste, for he had heard that one of the coastwise ships that traded to Sidon was going on to Seleuceia, the port of Antioch in Syria, and he hoped to catch it. Gamaliel had lent him his mules; so that he would travel in comfort as far as Joppa. From Joppa to Seleuceia, if the winds were fair, was a quick passage, and from Antioch he would travel by land, through the Syrian Gates to Tarsus.

It had rained heavily the night before. The water, rushing in rivers from the highest courtyards to the lowest stone steps of the staircase streets, had washed Jerusalem clean and fresh. The flinty hooves of the mules made a sharp, pleasant patter as they went up the Street of David, and Paul's spirits rose at the sound. The sun was rising, and flocks of tame pigeons were flying in circles round Herod's dove-cotes. The shadow of Herod's white marble Towers lay across the gardens, and the Towers themselves looked as if they had been cut out of the solid rock. Paul glanced up at them as he passed. The stones were so finely pointed that the joints could not be seen. The Towers would last for ever. So would the wall that enclosed the city. Its mortar was imperishable.

Outside the Gate of David the rain had washed the rocks and boulders on the tableland as clean as the streets of the city. The bald, curved slopes of the hills stretched around, stern and desolate. Paul pulled up his mule and turned in his saddle for a last look at Jerusalem. Beyond the wall, beyond the Towers of Herod, the Tower of Antonia and the white and gold Temple rose into the air. At noon the plates of gold that covered the Temple roof would reflect the rays of the sun with such blazing splendour that men would have to shade their eyes, but now the Temple and its pinnacles stood out palely, against the dawn, with the beauty of something seen in a dream. It was like the vision of a city built by God, Paul thought, as he turned away on the road to Joppa. And yet it had been built by Herod.

Here and there by the roadside a creeping plant

had burst into pale green, or the leaves of an aged olive in a hollow drenched by the rain had renewed their youth, but Paul did not notice. His mind had turned inward, and he was thinking of Herod. God had given Herod a soul, but with it he had given him the power to choose virtue or vice, and Herod had chosen vice. The great works which he had built would last for ever, but Herod himself was dead. Unconsciously Paul drove his heels into the sides of his mule. The animal quickened its steps and laid one ear back to listen, then after a few moments, judging that its rider had forgotten, it fell into its usual pace again.

Had Herod, who was the work of God's hands, perished utterly, or was he now a worn-out shade, without strength or power, who could never again act as he pleased, or live with the old vigour that he had had in the life of the body? The Essenes said that all souls are immortal, but that only the soul of the good man goes from one body to another. Was it likely that God would give Herod breath and life again when he had lived for himself and not for righteousness?

The mule stopped to snatch a mouthful of thistle, and Paul came back into the present with a start. Gamaliel's servants, following one of the other tracks of the zig-zag road, had lagged behind, too polite to hasten when the master lingered. Paul pulled the mule's head out of the thistle and called to the head man to ride forward and consult about the journey. He must put Herod and the fate of mankind out of his head. It was his business now to get to Joppa.

It was thirty-two miles from Jerusalem to the sea, the man said. But that would be direct as the stork flies. It was longer by road. He had not often gone so far. Gamaliel seldom went beyond the College at Lydda. Yes, he knew the road to Lydda perfectly, and no doubt if all went well they might reach Joppa the next evening. The Master used his mules so little that they were never in hard condition, but at three miles an hour, leaving plenty of time for the mid-day rest, they could just do it. The mules were fresh now, though they had already made one journey that morning from their stable outside Jerusalem to the house of Gamaliel, who was too strict a Jew to allow them to sleep inside the city. But they could

\* The two parts of Chapter I. appeared in THE NATION of March 7th and 14th.

stay a few days at Joppa to allow them to recover before the return journey. If they did not get to Joppa the next evening they would certainly arrive the day after.

Paul saw that the man had no mind to hurry, but he would have none of his laziness.

"I must be at Joppa to-morrow evening," he said decisively. "The ship may sail the day after. Your master, knowing my haste, told me not to spare men or mules."

To this the man replied that if it could be done it would be done.

"I had planned to stay some time at Emmaus, where I have a brother. We started very early this morning. We might have gone further and slept at mid-day below the Roman camp, at Colonia. Robbers would be afraid to attack us there. But if you want to press on, we may get to Modin before dark."

"We must," Paul said. "But we can stay at Emmaus for a short rest, and you can see your brother and tell him you will be back again in a day or two."

"My brother has an arbour, and you can rest beneath it sheltered from the sun," the man said. He called to the other two men who were with him to hurry up, and they went on steadily, avoiding where they could the stones and broken earth on the road. The rain had washed the dust from the rocks, but it had softened the road surface, and as the sun rose higher and higher the mud, dried back into powder, covered them from head to foot. There were other groups of travellers on the road now who seemed to have sprung from nowhere, and with each new set of feet the dust became more stifling. They caught up to the group in front, who greeted them in Greek, and who appeared to be merchants, as they were travelling with a large train of camels. Paul had not much chance to see more, for the foremost camels ploughed suddenly into a rut deeper than usual, and he lost sight of the whole group in a cloud of dust.

Paul's muleteers, who were riding close behind him, were growing uneasy. They muffled their heads closer in their cloaks, and the head man kept looking anxiously round the horizon. At last Paul asked him what was the matter.

"I am watching for a wind," the man said, and Paul, astonished, asked:

"What do you want a wind for? It will make the dust worse."

"I do not want one. I am afraid there will be one. It is dangerous to ride through dust."

"Uncomfortable, not dangerous," Paul corrected.

"If you tread on an evil spirit it raises a whirlwind. They live in the dust," the man said nervously.

"What if they do? Is there any corner of the world without its demon?" Paul replied.

The muleteer rode a pace nearer, and said in a low voice:

"But if a man dies in a wind-storm his soul is whirled away by the wind-spirits. We must be ready to fall on our faces at the first sign of wind."

"Nonsense," Paul said angrily. "I will fall on my face before no wind-spirit."

"It is the only way to escape," the man said.

"Surely your soul will perish with your body if you fall down before any Spirit but God," Paul said sternly.

Before the muleteer had time to reply one of the Greek merchants who was mounted on a tall mule loomed out of the mist close beside them. The cloud of dust was now settling and the buff shapes of the uncouth camels could be dimly seen plodding ahead. The Greek

was a large fat man, and he had a loud comfortable voice.

"I am the last man in the world to annoy any spirit," he said. "But surely the best way to avoid hurting them would be to mend your roads? Even your Jewish spirits would lie less softly on a paved way, and perhaps would even betake themselves to an easier bed."

The muleteer spoke little Greek, but he was quick to catch the note of mockery in the voice of the merchant, and answered hastily:

"Our roads are good enough for us. . . ." Then as the dust cleared and he saw that he spoke to a man of some importance, he pulled back his mule to give place to the better mounted Greek and fell behind, muttering to his fellow servants:

"The demons that the Gentiles bring with them are fifty times worse than any of ours. And everybody knows what happens when you tread on an evil spirit or sit down on one on a rubbish heap."

*(To be continued.)*

## TWO AND A GUIDE-BOOK.

WHEN I stopped and purchased the little guide-book, my friend turned away to hide a superior smile. She is not old enough yet to thirst for exact information. We hear much of eager youth panting to learn; but youth does not pant to learn, it pants to teach. Knowing this as I do, I was even with her; for I, also, had a smile to hide. So our hearts warmed to each other, and we walked very lovingly together among the twilight Tombs of the Kings. Twilight, though it was only two o'clock, because outside the Abbey a golden mist was thickening and darkening into a saffron fog.

It is not so long since picnics were given and enjoyed among these tombs of the Kings at Westminster. No thunderbolt struck the revellers as dead as their roasted capons. No recumbent monarch jerked himself up into a right angle and clashed his marble ringlets at the sacrilege. If I had taken out my chocolates and shared them with my friend, no terrible thing would have happened to either of us. And yet I left them in my pocket, sleeping as safely as the kings themselves. Somehow, it is not well to eat in a storehouse of death. Even the British Museum kills my appetite; my sandwiches there taste dry and medicinal; let me not say mummified, though mummy used to be a medicine. Better chew nothing in these places but the cud of fancy. James Watt, now—much food for reflection is supplied by the colossal monument to James Watt, over which my guide-book loses its official calmness.

I once saw a great oak growing in the midst of a hockey-ground. It would be more correct, of course, to say that the hockey-ground had been laid out round the pre-existent tree; but the oak really had an air of having walked in and planted itself, ignoring with titanic rudeness the claim of mere mankind. This white exaggeration of James Watt wears much that same aspect of monstrous intrusion. (My friend said that it was like a cuckoo, and an albino at that, crowding out a nestful of dusky little birds.) Now, I do not know anything about James Watt's personality, but as I looked at the pallid bulk of his memorial there rose up in me a strong conviction that he must have been a wonderfully modest man; a fellow who shrank from favourable notice, who wouldn't have intruded for the world. Whatever lies behind the Veil, there is certainly



a Quiet Humour which loves a practical joke. . . . The gigantic figure looks uneasy; it seems to writhe on its pedestal.

I was sorry for James Watt. I left him in his undesired elevation, and led my friend this way and that through the stony maze of time-fretted magnificence. We touched the tomb of Edward I., in itself a dark and naked threat against the King's enemies; for the body was to lie there only till the time arrived for it to be borne at the head of a victorious host to the Border; and that is why his resting-place is bare of ornament. But Scotland was to come to Edward before Edward was borne again to Scotland; to enter his Abbey, to sit fussing and fidgeting upon his very chair, in the august but undignified person of James I. and VI. The plainness of this tomb, no less than the over-richness of some others, is mutely derisive of proud men and their purposes.

Yet Edward I. is fortunate in being statueless. I would not let my friend have a look at Richard II., across the way; for I know that she carries in her brain a portrait of Shakespeare's "sweet lovely rose," by no means compatible with this flat-faced presentment and the two spiral prongs of beard. The beauty of one age has no honour in the next. Henry VIII. becomes more and more of a puzzle as you study the glum portraits of Anne Boleyn. And yet I am sure that Richard himself would have liked to leave a statue behind him; we all want to leave something, and to move our descendants, if it be only to laugh at us.

Here, in the northern aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, his two granddaughters, never united in life, are silently keeping each other company. Many tears are shed, in these easy-going times, over the sorrows of the bigoted Queen Mary; but nobody cares for the sorrows of Queen Bess, though many are curious about her sins. She braved slander from her thirteenth year to her death, faced and outfaced a world of treacherous enemies, counted her pennies, stifled her womanhood, and spent her last ounce of strength to make England great. But England is chiefly interested in poking fun at her pearls and rouge, her countless "Perewykes," her trains embroidered with spiders and flies, the pathetic wisps of vanity which the loneliest of women tried to wrap about the "barren stock." Her weaknesses and crimes were her own, her victories belonged to Burleigh; much as William Shakespeare stole deer, while Francis Bacon wrote "Hamlet." I hope that in the Elysian Fields the Queen and her poet sit together, smiling at their critics.

My friend and I, at least, did her homage. Then we went to look at that cousin of hers, who brought to such perfection the art of dying on the scaffold. Here is another royal beauty whose existing portraits are mere impertinences; but that does not matter to me, for I have outgrown my worship of Mary Stuart. I give my respect, in spite of all, to the far more tragic woman who signed her death-warrant. The most touching detail in the Margaret Chapel is the little figure of Henry Darnley, kneeling by his mother's tomb, but raising his joined hands in prayer towards the resting-place of his wife. "I am but young," he seems to be saying still; and she is not more stonily unresponsive now than when she sat by his sick-bed and heard him say it aloud.

We pitied him, but we are modern, my friend and I, and cannot maintain one mood for long. It was a great relief to visit the wax effigies over Abbot Islip's Chapel. Death, laying his icy hand on kings, may be thought to do so with a touch of courtly reverence, and even beg their pardon, as the headsman did of Charles I.

But Time, throwing dust on their finery, can only mean to get a laugh from the gallery. There is, indeed, one effigy, not a royal one, which silences mirth with the pathos of youth and grace untimely cut off. No one ever tittered at the slender Duke of Buckingham, who lies dead in his robes of State and his boyish years. But the guide's chief interest in him is due to some historically remarkable fact about his shoes. They are made for the left and right foot respectively—or else they are both alike. It is one thing or the other; but if I can remember which, may I be doomed to amuse the next age in grimy wax, or oppress it in portentous marble!

DOROTHY JOHNSON.

## DECREPIT CORNERS.

By A. AVERCHENKO.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ARRIVAL.

**P**OPOLZUKHIN, a scholar of the sixth form of the Kharkov Gymnasium, arrived as private tutor at Plantov the landowner's farm-house, "Decrepit Corners."

He had covered eight hundred versts by rail, eighty in a horse-coach, and eight on foot, because the coachman suddenly turned out to be so intoxicated that he fell from the box, threatened to punch Popolzukhin's nose, and followed this up by immediately dropping off to sleep.

Popolzukhin shouldered his portmanteau, and towards evening, utterly worn out and discouraged, he reached the farm-house, "Decrepit Corners."

A strange lass noticed him, fell out of the window, and with a shout of terror dashed off to the master's house.

A lean old woman sprang to the doorstep, clasped her hands, and disappeared at a run into the unkempt garden.

A little boy put his head cautiously out of the pigeon-house, saw the scholar Popolzukhin with his portmanteau, put his tongue out at him and began to weep bitterly.

"May you perish, you dirty dog! In vain did I steal a bottle of vodka for the coachman, Athanassy, so that he would lead you away into the forest and leave you there. But wait, I'll drench your suit with ink."

Popolzukhin threatened him with his finger, entered the house, and, finding no one, sat down on a wooden sofa.

A lad of about seventeen came in with a dirty plate in his hands, halted at sight of the scholar and stood a long while as though stupefied, his eyes round with fear. After a while he let the plate drop, went on his knees, collected the fragments, put them into his trouser pockets and went out.

Then entered a fat man in a morning gown with a pipe. He sucked it thoughtfully, dispersed the smoke with his hairy hand, and said aloud:

"This must be the tutor himself. With a portmanteau. Ye-es. Sits on the sofa. There, friend Plantov, the tutor has arrived."

Having informed himself of the event, the landowner Plantov became full of joy, clapped his hands, and began to shuffle backwards and forwards on his large feet.

"Hey, who's there? Kopanchuk, Pavlo! Take his portmanteau! Well, tutor, do you play poker?"

"No," said Popolzukhin, "but your boy put his tongue out at me."

"I'll give him the whip. But it is not difficult: the cards are dealt . . . I'll show you."

Grasping Popolzukhin by his sleeve, he dragged him towards the interior of the house. In the dining-

room they met a middle-aged woman in a dark jacket with a ribbon across her chest.

"Your cursed cards again? Better let him rest and wash after the journey."

"Good evening, madam. I am the tutor, Popolzukhin."

"Ah, well, who knows what one may not become? Sometimes you find good people even amongst tutors. Only for heaven's sake do not ever go cutting up any dead bodies in here."

"What should I cut them up for?" wondered Popolzukhin.

"That's what I am saying—there isn't any need. It's a sin before God and man. You'd better go now to your room and wash yourself. You're dusty all over."

Such was Popolzukhin's first day at the landowner Plantov's.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE TRIUMPH.

The next afternoon Popolzukhin sat in his room cleaning his suit, which had had ink poured all over it. Andreika, the boy, knelt near by and wept bitterly, alternating that occupation with endeavours to pull out with his teeth a little nail sticking out of the wall at about the height of his nose.

Opposite Popolzukhin the landowner Plantov sat with a pack of cards and waited till Popolzukhin would finish his work.

"Study is a very difficult thing," Popolzukhin was saying. "Do you know what trigonometry is?"

"No."

"You have to study it ten years; Algebra seven and a half years, Latin ten years. And then you know practically nothing. Yes, it's difficult. The professors get twenty thousand roubles a year."

Plantov, supporting his cheek with his hand, was listening attentively to Popolzukhin.

"Yes, now folk are different," he said, "they know everything. Can you play on the gramophone?"

"Play, how?"

"Play, y'know. My father-in-law sent me a gramophone for my birthday. There is a trumpet and a lot of little discs. But the dickens knows how to play it. So it is just doing nothing."

Popolzukhin glanced attentively at Plantov, put his suit aside, and said, "Yes, I can play a little on a gramophone. I studied it. But I tell you quite frankly, it is very difficult."

"Really? How splendid of you!"

Plantov became animated, jumped up, and immediately caught the scholar by his sleeve.

"Come along, you shall play for us. To the deuce with your suit. You can wash it after. Wife, wife! come quick, bring your knitting with you. The tutor will perform on the gramophone."

The gramophone lay on a green chest under a squirrel cloak, wrapped up in some papers and calico.

With a grave, determined air Popolzukhin got the gramophone arranged, added the trumpet, and waved his arm.

"Have the kindness to move further off. Andreika, what did you get up from your knees for? You can drench suits with ink, but you can't—er—stand on your knees. Ladies and gentlemen, be so good as to go a little further away. You are irritating my nerves."

"Won't you spoil it?" Plantov inquired anxiously. "It's an expensive article, you know."

Popolzukhin smiled disdainfully.

"Don't worry. I have had to deal with far more complex apparatus."

He put on the needle, placed a record in position, and wound up the spring.

Everybody shrieked. Out of the trumpet came a shrill human voice screaming "Way down upon the Swanee River."

Pale with pride and intoxicated with his success, Popolzukhin stood near the gramophone and, with the coolness of an experienced maestro, would now and then turn the little screw regulating the height of the sound.

The landowner Plantov patted himself on his hips, shouted, and turning to his neighbours, cried:

"You understand what this is? A human voice out of a trumpet! Andreika, do you see, idiot, what a splendid tutor we have got for you? And you do nothing but climb roofs. Play us something else, please, Mr. Popolzukhin."

The domestics crouched together at the door, their faces distorted with wonder and secret fear: the lass who fell out of the window on the previous day, the fellow who smashed the plate, and even the mercenary coachman, Athanassy, who plotted with Andreika to ruin the tutor. But then stealthily came along the lean old woman. She glanced into the room, saw the tutor, the shining trumpet, clasped her hands and dashed away instantly at a gallop to the garden.

At "Decrepit Corners" she was considered the most fearful and foolish person.

## CHAPTER III.

### BRIGHT DAYS.

Bright, cloudless days came for Popolzukhin. Andreika went in deadly fear of him and spent most of his time sitting on the roof and only occasionally coming down during the gramophone performances. Plantov forgot all about the game of poker and would be all day hard by Popolzukhin, invariably repeating the request:

"Well, do play something, I really beg you. Well, why not?"

"No, I can't just now," Popolzukhin would reply affectedly.

"Why can't you?"

"One must have the right mood for that sort of thing. And your Andreika has unnerved me."

"To the devil with Andreika. Hang tutoring. Let's rather play the gramophone. Well, straight now, if you please."

"Eh," Popolzukhin would shake his head.

"What is one to do? Let's go."

At dinner Madame Plantov would heap the best pieces on to Popolzukhin's plate and give him the best liquor to drink. All the domestics would raise their caps on meeting him and bow. The girl who fell out of the window brought a fresh bouquet of flowers into the tutor's room every day, and the fellow who smashed the plate cleaned the tutor's boots so vigorously that during the operation it was a matter of some danger to come near him: the amplitude of the gyrations of the brush reached nearly a whole yard.

Only the lean old woman could not conquer her invincible timidity before the gifted tutor—at the sight of him she would gallop away screaming and sit long afterwards amongst the gooseberry bushes.

As to Popolzukhin himself, besides his gramophone occupation he did absolutely nothing. Andreika did not see him for whole days on end. With the whole house he did as he liked, ate five times a day, and sometimes, if he woke at night, would call the lad that had been attached to him as valet.

"Get me something to eat. Some jelly and meat. And something to drink."

Hearing the talking, the landowner Plantov would also get up from his bed, put on his dressing-gown, and walk in to the tutor.

"Having a bite? Well, I think I'll have a drop of something, too. And if you can't sleep very well, why, perhaps you'll play something on the gramophone, eh?"

Popolzukhin would eat everything, send away the aggrieved Plantov, and go to bed.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DOWNFALL.

In the mornings Popolzukhin would go walking in the fields, along the river. At Plantov's orders, the domestics would run and look for him, and on finding him would say:

"Come back to the house, sir; the master wants you to play on the machine."



"To the deuce with him!" Popolzukhin would frown. "I shan't go. Tell him I have no mood for playing at present."

"Please come, sir. The mistress also asked particularly, and Andreika is crying, he wants to listen."

"Tell them I'll play in the evening."

One day Popolzukhin was returning home from his walk, suspecting nothing. Twenty feet from the house he suddenly halted, and with a shudder began to listen.

"Way down upon the Swanee River" the gramophone was screaming at the top of its voice.

With a shout of terror and rage, Popolzukhin clapped his hands to his head and dashed towards the house. There could not be any doubt. The gramophone was playing, and near by stood an unknown student, looking about him with good-natured sarcasm.

"Nothing wonderful in that," he said. "The simplest mechanism. Even Andreika can master it perfectly."

"Why did you touch the gramophone in my absence?" exclaimed Popolzukhin angrily.

"Dear, dear, what a swell!" said the landowner Plantov, "as if it were his gramophone. Why did you turn our heads and tell us that one has to study to play on it? Mitya Kalantarov here arrived and started playing straight away. Allow me, Mitya, I shall wind it up myself. Well, there, now I shall be playing the whole day. Allow me to thank you most heartily, my dear Mitya, for deciding to pay us old folks a visit."

At dinner no one took any notice of Popolzukhin. They put some stringy beef with a bone in it on his plate. Instead of wine he drank kvass, and after dinner Plantov, glancing absently at Andreika, caught him suddenly by his ear and exclaimed:

"Well, friend, you have idled enough. Enough holiday! Tutor, take charge of him."

Popolzukhin caught Andreika by his hand and pulled him furiously.

"Come on!"

And they went, not looking at one another. On the way the tutor boxed Andreika's ears twice, and the boy, seizing an opportunity, spat on the tutor's boots.

## FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

**T**HE Comedy of Good and Evil," by Richard Hughes, which the Oxford Players present at the Ambassadors, is an interesting essay in high comedy. The scene is laid in the kitchen of a "Church" clergyman in the Snowdon area, who takes in the Devil to his house, thinking it to be his duty. The Devil endows the clergyman's wife with a new leg, which she cannot control, instead of her artificial one, and this leg is her eventual undoing. But there can be no denying that nevertheless the clergyman did right when he took in the Devil. The play is a study in Manichæism, good and evil being represented as equally powerful and equally necessary. Mr. Hughes aims at attaining a moral and æsthetic unity. If he had been entirely successful in this attempt, he would have written a masterpiece. As it is, he is perhaps completely successful only in one scene, when the emissaries of Good and Evil argue with formal casuistry for the soul of the dead clergyman. This "movement" is perfectly delightful and full of formal beauty. For all its shortcomings (which experience may easily cure "A Comedy of Good and Evil" remains an extremely interesting play, which everyone should see, and the Oxford Players are to be heartily congratulated on a courageous venture. Mr. Hughes is distinguished from nearly all his brother playwrights by being a man of brains.

"The Colonnade," by Stark Young, which has just been produced by the Stage Society, is an American

play on Russian themes. It deals with the beautiful, scented, idle, slow-moving, soul-destroying life of the Southern States of America and the necessity which a young man finds to leave all this, much of which he dearly loves, in order to breathe freely and lead a life of his own in a more bracing world. The method was ultra-Chekhovian; and we tended to become exhausted by the rarefied air in which the author made us live. Admirers of Chekhov have not sufficiently noticed that their author is in many ways as extravagant and eccentric as Ben Jonson, and that the monochromatic tone is largely an æsthetic illusion. Mr. Stark Young has been misled by his master into pitching the key intolerably low, with the result that, for all his skill, he is frequently tedious. An unnecessary mother complex is also introduced, which grates upon the nerves. Nevertheless, "The Colonnade" has very considerable merits. There is much justness of observation, eye for character, and subtlety of dialogue; and though the tone is too subdued, it is consistently observed. Thus "The Colonnade" is given a real pattern. In fact, Mr. Young is an interesting case. His sensibility has been so outraged by the gross explosiveness of much American art that he himself has gone to the other extreme and failed to let himself go sufficiently. Still, over-restraint is a fault nowadays easily pardonable, and we are grateful to the Stage Society for having produced "The Colonnade."

At one time Mr. D. W. Griffith had the reputation of being the world's best film-producer. He had indeed a certain mastery of spectacular production, but his films have always been spoilt by being made the vehicle of tedious moralizings. Now, in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" (at the London Pavilion) he has left the spectacular, left, indeed, almost everything except the purely moral, and does not realize that even the "eternal truths"—another name in American films for "sob-stuff"—which he presents to us in such abundance require something more than their own very questionable interest to make a tolerable film. This certainly is one of the dullest that have ever been shown. The scene is laid among Polish refugees in Germany just after the war, and there are endless illustrations of the horrors and privations they suffered. It has no sort of dramatic quality, unless it be during the last quarter of an hour, when there is a pursuit of the hero and heroine by villains who rob them of their entire potato-crop. There are one or two moments when the production attains a certain pictorial interest, and some of the acting is quite good, especially that of Mr. Lupino Lane, who, though he has very little to do, proves himself a good comedian.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, April 11.—"Overture," by Sutton Vane, at the Everyman.

Sunday, April 12.—Lecture on "Immortality," by the Rev. E. W. Thompson, M.A., at the Indian Students' Union, 112, Gower Street, at 5.

Monday, April 13.—Opening of the Shakespeare Birthday Festival, at Stratford.

Thursday, April 16.—Lloyd's Operatic Society, Orchestral Concert, at the Æolian Hall, at 8.15.

OMICRON.

## AN AWFUL MARCH.

SHE said: "An awful March we've had"; and I, Bobbing and smiling on the tea-time flood, Dived suddenly . . . and found the hazel wood Hushed between storm and storm, and the evening sky Stealing the colour of primrose buds from the earth, And crimson stars just lit on the living bough, And silence, and a wet bird shouting "Now!" And in his bed of snow a blue-bell's birth . . . I rose, and, shaking that glory from eyes and ears, Spluttered: "The worst I've known for many years."

BARRINGTON GATES.

## REVIEWS

## ROBERT GRAVES, GAMMA; OR, WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

Poetic Unreason, and Other Studies. By ROBERT GRAVES. (Palmer. 6s.)

MR. NORMAN WILKINSON, when designing scenes, severs connection with the painter of seascapes by adding "of Four Oaks" to his name. But the various Robert Graveses do no such thing, and it is left for us to distinguish between the various personalities, somehow dissociated. (The word is old-fashioned, and smacks of the Morton Prince-Miss Beauchamp period, but it is understandable.) There is Robert Graves  $\alpha$ , the charming, disciplined, and rather timid poet; there is Robert Graves  $\beta$ , the gay, witty reviewer, who is afraid of nobody, not even of Mr. F. L. Lucas; and finally, Robert Graves  $\gamma$ , who wrote this book, an extraverted-introvert, I suspect, with no conscious knowledge of  $\beta$ . I merely state this to make it clear that when I speak of Mr. Graves I mean Robert Graves  $\gamma$ . Nor have I any desire to reintegrate the personality, for then Robert Graves  $\alpha$  would vanish; and that would be a pity.

One feels that this book reveals incomplete cathexis, or, in plain English, that Mr. Graves's heart is not in the job, that he is not free to apply himself to the subject. He is too eager to answer the objections of people not qualified to object, and this gives the book a slightly provincial tang. It is unnecessarily swollen by long passages of turgid prose, and Mr. Graves can allow a stewed metaphor of medical import to coagulate upon a whole page. He has something interesting to say: but since his thoughts are conflicting, and he has not resolved the conflict, the result is an aggravating, stimulating, attractive, unreadable book.

Æsthetics is one thing, the psychology of artists another, and though Robert Graves  $\alpha$ , at one point momentarily intruding, states this, Mr. Graves confuses the issue throughout this book. He begins by telling us that "poetry is for the poet a means of informing himself on many planes simultaneously," those of imagery, structure, rhythm, and is the resolution of a conflict. "As a reader of poetry . . . I value in a poem the solution of the conflict when I am to some extent aware of the nature of the conflict, but . . . where there is hitherto only vague unrest in my mind, I value in a poem the clearly defined statement of the conflict." The argument then proceeds: Any poem that states or resolves a conflict which is at the time mine also is for me a good poem. Thus in 1915 Rupert Brooke was a good poet, in 1918 a bad one, when Mr. Sassoon was a good one, whatever he may be now. Psycho-analyze Edward Lear's rhymes, and they are as "worthy of our tragic imagination" as King Lear (p. 24). *Tout comprendre c'est tout admirer*. We must appreciate poems "in their own context," and not "irrelevantly point out their limitations." Thus the psychological investigation of the growth of a poet's mind has become an excuse for completely throwing up the critical sponge.

This is what Dr. Freud has called, on a slightly different plane, being sucked in by "the Charybdis of judging the normal entirely by the standards of the pathological"—and, after all, the arts deserve the respect implicit in cautious statement. Mr. Graves's method may be useful in diagnosing the ailment of an unsatisfactory poem, but the task of the critic is to try to isolate the unique within the universal; and though Mr. Graves repudiates Aristotle, it will be hard to convince lovers of literature that it is more worth while to try to discover the complexes of Marvell than to try to state why "To His Coy Mistress" is as good in 1925 as it was in 1915 or in 1715.

Nevertheless, Mr. Graves has said some illuminating things by the way, more especially in the chapter where he attempts to give a more precise significance to the words "Romantic" and "Classical." A romantic poem is one where the poet has not intellectually apprehended his statement: all romantic poems are automatic writing. Even the symbolism, the elaboration, is subconscious. It is, in fact, an incomplete work of art, not being related to the poet's whole personality: it is the dream-world. It is not like, let us say, "The Phoenix and Turtle," "personal emo-

tion, personal experience, extended and completed in something impersonal," to use a phrase of Mr. Eliot's. But even here, where Mr. Graves seems to be arriving at a new orientation, he suddenly "regresses" to talk about "classical forms."

Mr. Graves, however, always returns to hammer at his main thesis, that "the whole difficulty in poetic criticism is getting at the original context that gave the poem birth." This may lead to much interesting knowledge: indeed, what Mr. Graves tells us of himself is of great general value: in a previous book, too, he threw interesting side-lights on "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"; but has it anything to do with poetic criticism? Let us take Mr. Graves's psycho-analysis of "The Tempest." In the year 1609 the Sonnets were piratically published, and this plunged Shakespeare into a mood of great bitterness, and brooding despair. The conflict (between the ego and the ego-ideal?) thus created found some solution in a German play by Ayler, a Spanish romance, and an account of a voyage to the Bermudas. It was deepened by a chapter of Isaiah concerning the town of Ariel, and guided by the imperialistic enthusiasm Shakespeare shared with his patron, the Earl of Southampton. Eventually, Mr. W. H. becomes Caliban, the Dark Lady Sycorax (Mr. Graves has no doubts about his detailed historic interpretation of the Sonnets). Chapman and Jonson go to form Trinculo and Stephano. Ariel is an emanation from Shakespeare suggested by Isaiah, Heywood's "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells," a fireball in the Bermudas, and a boy-actor to whom Shakespeare was devoted. Prospero is partly Shakespeare, partly Henry of France; while Caliban, thanks to Miss Winstanley, is also partly Jesuitism. There are at least two matrices for "Full Fathom Five"—skulls in churches, Yorick's skull (Shakespeare's dead self), and a baptismal rite. But is this criticism? And supposing all this about the "latent content" of "The Tempest" to be true, what shall it profit a man to know it all?

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

## CHINESE ART.

Chinese Art. An Introductory Review of Painting, Ceramics Sculpture, &c. By VARIOUS AUTHORS. Eighty-one Plates in Colour and Half-tone. ("Burlington Magazine" Monographs.) (Batsford. 25s.)

THE monographs which are here brought together are each written by a leading authority on a special branch of Chinese art, and for the most part they fulfil admirably their purpose of making the subject easily accessible to the general reader. Mr. Binyon's account of painting is particularly lucid, concise, and—what is difficult to achieve with such compression—interesting. It is illustrated by fifteen plates, some of them in colour. One, a detail from a T'ang picture representing the Buddhist Paradise from the Stein collection in the British Museum, is very successful. It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Binyon has kept so much to the British Museum collections for his illustrations. The result is that we are generally confronted by later copies rather than originals, and this fact is not always clearly recognized in the captions. The Sung picture of a bird in a bough from the Eumorfopoulos collection is one of the few that gives us some idea of the actual quality of a classical original.

Mr. Bernard Rackham treats of ceramics. While admitting the esthetic claims of the pre-Han pottery of China, he does not begin his series of illustrations till the end of the Han. It would have been interesting in such a work to have a more complete idea of the whole evolution of the art. As he allots seven plates to the now almost too familiar products of Ming and subsequent periods this could easily have been accomplished. On the whole, one cannot feel that in this case the choice of specimens—again mainly from the nation's collections—is happy. The T'zu-chou vase on Plate 6 is striking and "important," but not a very refined example of Sung design. On the other hand, the quite rough and unpretentious drab stoneware jar on Plate 9 is a masterpiece of plastic sensibility. Even in the T'ang period Mr. Rackham manages to select the most conventional kind of collector's piece, and



gives us little idea of the range and boldness of invention that some of the pottery of this period reveals.

Mr. Kendrick in his "Textiles" keeps almost entirely to later times. No doubt little has survived from the early dynasties, but he enumerates a number of examples resulting from Dr. Stein's explorations, notably the magnificent silk-embroidered panel of Buddha and attendant Bodhisatvas, which is in the British Museum. It is a pity that this was not reproduced. As it is, the excellent end-paper of the volume, which is made from drawings of a Han textile, affords the only example of early Chinese textiles. Mr. Kendrick's article is, however, full of interest for its information about the intercourse between East and West from Ming times onwards as revealed by the minute study of certain textiles.

Dr. Perceval Yetts writes on bronzes. The fact that the Chinese attained to the highest perfection of bronze technique in the Chou dynasty allows him to give us a fascinating account of the remoter past of Chinese history. The article is full of interesting and rather unfamiliar information. Moreover, the illustrations to this section embody some of the greatest masterpieces of Chinese design, and they are drawn from a much wider range than is the case in the other sections.

Dr. Siren's "Sculpture" is too limited and partial. He devotes too much attention, both in his text and illustrations, to one aspect of the subject, namely, the Buddhist sculpture of Wei and early Tang times. Many of the monumental cave sculptures from Yun Kang which he illustrates so profusely are impressive only in general design. The actual execution is too often the work of journeyman craftsmen. On the other hand, the few specimens which he gives of Han sculpture are of the greatest beauty. In particular, the winged lions from a tomb near Nanking, which are here revealed to us by the photographs taken by Dr. Siren himself, give us a new idea of the range and power of the artists of the Han period. Mr. Winkworth gives a short and clear account of such minor arts as the working of jade, enamels, and lacquer. This is well illustrated.

The fact that advertisements have been included in a volume of this kind may perhaps seem a rather unfortunate innovation, but it has enabled the book to be produced at a surprisingly low figure, considering the large number of illustrations; and, moreover, the advertisements themselves are so well illustrated that in many cases they supplement the illustrations in the text.

ROGER FRY.

#### FICTION.

**Myrtle.** By STEPHEN HUDSON. (Constable. 6s.)

**Inner Circle.** By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. (Constable. 6s.)

**Love.** By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

"MYRTLE" is the fifth volume in Mr. Hudson's Kurt cycle, and like its predecessors, it is at once an organic part of the main work and an organic whole in itself. In construction it is the most interesting work which Mr. Hudson has written. The aim of that construction, it is obvious, is to create a milieu in which the chief character, a character at once strikingly detached and more than ordinarily constant in her qualities, will be enabled to manifest herself with appropriate effect. In other words, the form of the novel must give us the same impression of her which she gave the characters who met her: a sense of remoteness, a sense of a permanence greater than theirs. And this impression Myrtle does give. Although she comes only indirectly into the story, appearing now in London, now in Badgastein, now in Monte Carlo, a passenger through nine monologues by people all of whom admire but most of whom misunderstand her, she is the most vivid figure in the book. The interest of all those people creates for her a sort of stage within a stage, which, because it is less immediate than the other, because it is seen past the rich complex of life in the foreground and is coloured with the associations of that life, becomes the vivid centre of the picture. The figures in the foreground pass, and out of their misunderstandings of her the chief figure becomes more and more understandable, real and important. Mr. Hudson's use of the monologue

is admirable. He does not use it, as so many writers, Conrad among them, have done, to indulge a psychological garrulity which would be unpardonable if it were indulged in any other way, but rather to secure the utmost economy, by stripping away explanation, description, chronology, all the tedious trappings of the prose character of our time. Stripped of these, Mr. Hudson's characters stand before us with a complete internal realism; we know what they look like because we know what they are. They provide us themselves with the essential outlines of their characters, and our imagination fills in the rest.

In a very different way "Inner Circle," too, is a remarkable book. Mr. Hudson's method is with a few touches to suggest a large scene. Miss Mayne's is to take an apparently trifling incident, enter into it, and find in it an almost inexhaustible significance. The danger of this method is that in finding so much one is sometimes tempted to find more than is there: in other words, one sometimes becomes sentimental. Miss Mayne is sometimes sentimental. In "Stripes" the treatment is so overstrained as to be almost sham-profound. "Black Magic" is little more than an attempt to secure an effect, and moreover an illegitimate one. But how fine are the author's successes, and how many of them there are in the volume! "Campaign," a long study of discouragement, is masterly. "The Picnic," a description of the sensations of a child who is lost for a few moments among unfamiliar scenery, has the extreme beauty, the subterranean magic, of psychologically buried things which cannot be seen, but only divined. When Miss Mayne's method is successful she not merely attains beauty, she discovers it. She gives clarity to a knowledge only half-conscious in our minds, and pushes our perceptions farther than we had imagined they could go. Her intellectual power is equal to her intuition. In "The Shirt of Nessus" she treats a theme with triumphant competence which very few would dare to treat at all: the terrible *ennui* which descends on those who are too conscious. This is a theme on which it is easy to generalize, and if one has a little knowledge of psychology, to generalize with brilliance; but it is one of the most difficult to present imaginatively. Nevertheless, Miss Mayne has done it. The more difficult her theme the less liable she is to error. It is in her least ambitious stories that she sometimes fails.

There is probably no writer in England who wears her sentimentality with a more persuasive air than the author of "Love." With others sentimentality is generally accompanied by gawkishness, but in her it is combined with mature knowledge of life, and good sense. It is almost a grace, as it is in some of the German poets. The book is admirably written, amusing, and sensible. But it is not real. It may almost be enjoyed, but not quite.

EDWIN MUIR.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT WAR.

**Memoirs of a Napoleonic Officer, Jean-Baptiste Barrès.** Edited, with an Introduction, by his Grandson, MAURICE BARRÈS. Translated by BERNARD MIALLE. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

No doubt there were many officers in Napoleon's armies who, like Jean-Baptiste Barrès, served the Emperor with unthinking courage, and who were willing, like him, to march to battle in every country of Europe, enduring every kind of hardship, for the glory of France. But few of them can have been as sensitive as Barrès, and not many of them had either the engaging curiosity or the pertinacity which led him to keep a diary of the daily trivialities of a soldier's life on active service. Between 1804 and 1814 Barrès fought in Italy, survived the campaigns of Austerlitz, Jena, and Eylau, returned after Tilsit to march in triumphal procession beneath the newly erected Arc de Triomphe, served in the Peninsular wars, and shared in the disasters in Germany which culminated at Leipzig: we find him crushed by the Emperor's fall, eagerly snatching at hope during the Hundred Days, burning with anger and shame at the ease with which many of his comrades could transfer their allegiance to the reinstated Bourbons, but himself making the best of a bad job and loyally accepting new conditions of service, however distasteful; contriving to keep a reputation for loyalty and discretion in the difficult

days of July, and finally retiring in 1835 to edit his old campaign diaries, now for the first time published by his grandson, M. Maurice Barrès.

Perhaps it was a pity that the old Commandant edited the diary which he had kept as a young recruit so many years before. As M. Maurice Barrès tells us, the sufferings of war, which played a large part in the first campaign diaries (only a small portion of which is reproduced), are relegated to the background in the revised edition, and Barrès, naturally enough, "takes pleasure rather in the curious things that he has seen and the great events in which he took part." It is not surprising. In old age, when memory is dim, it is easy to regard the suffering of youth as an "unfortunate necessity." Moreover, reality is not palatable, is apt to spoil a good story, and sounds like boasting. So it happens that soldiers who tell us about their campaigns are not always truthful and seldom tell us what we want to know.

Barrès' diary, however, in spite of expurgation, remains a vivid and unusually faithful document. It seems that of nothing is it so true as of war that the more it changes the more it remains the same. Here is a young soldier going out to fight, without any doubts or even thoughts of his reasons for doing so, rejoicing in adventures and hopeful of glory. His main emotion at the beginning seems simply to be that of excited curiosity. First there is a new uniform, new discipline, new comrades, new countries, and a new ardour of patriotism. Then begins the familiar tale: novelty gives way to monotony: endless marches through districts he longs to explore, but which offer him only a view of the mud-track at his feet and the pack of the soldier who steps in front of him. Then come periods of intense cold or more terrible heat, of reckless hunger, of utter weariness and unescapable vermin. There are the wonderful moments of peace which soldiers know when there is an unexpected halt at a village in the evening and a sudden discovery that, after all, nature remains beautiful. "I saw in the village of Ober-Thomaswald, for the only time in my life, a kind of rose-tree whose wood and leafage smelt of roses, like the flower itself, which was very lovely," he notes at one point. Then for the first time he sees a battlefield:—

"The spectacle froze me with horror, but the calling I had embraced was to make me forget all such feelings. The plain was covered with corpses, nearly all Austrian. In the village the streets, houses, and gardens were all littered with the dead. Not a corner but was sprinkled with blood. We were billeted in the houses. I was not able to go to sleep at night for lack of space to lie on the plank floor. The houses were full of wounded men, without inhabitants, and were wrecked. I had nothing to eat all day; I could not even dry my clothes, which were sodden with water. Four days later they were still not quite dry."

At last comes the actual participation in a battle, and the mingled glory and horror of victory. "I suppose," writes Barrès, "there are no finer moments in life than the evening of a day when one has just won a great victory. If the joy is tempered a little by the regret caused by the loss of so many good and valiant comrades, it is none the less keen and intoxicating." But to a sensitive man it is not only the loss of comrades which modifies the joy of victory. Barrès found himself grieving for the unfortunate peasantry, ruined, often wantonly, by the victorious army; he was "terribly startled" when, searching in the darkness for a log of wood for the fire, he accidentally "loaded a dead Austrian" on to his shoulders. And there were sights in victory which must have been difficult to forget. "We arrived in time to give it [the Russian Army] the *coup de grâce*, and finally hurl it into the lakes. This last deadly movement was terrible. Imagine 12,000 to 15,000 men fleeing at the top of their speed over thin ice and suddenly falling in, almost to a man!"

Victory would seem a difficult thing to enjoy wholeheartedly. But defeat is certainly worse. Physical suffering is greater, and there is added the horror of spiritual collapse. Throughout the campaigns the troops had been inspired by the passionate devotion which Napoleon knew so well how to command. Adoration of the Emperor is the underlying theme of Barrès' Memoirs. We are told how he shared hardships with his men (on one occasion Barrès remarks that his General had not been able to take his boots off for a week); there are many accounts of the glorious reception which met him everywhere and of the

short bursts of eloquence by which he conveyed his satisfaction with his troops and confirmed their faith in future victory. But in the last German campaign the Emperor is defeated, confidence has gone, and discipline is broken, and Barrès finds himself at length, exhausted by terrible efforts to keep his men together, overwhelmed by shame, carried along in a rout of French soldiers who have lost their officers, their regiments, and their self-respect, and are ignominiously fleeing before the Prussians whom they had so easily defeated eight years before.

In our history books to-day 1806, 1814, 1870, and 1918 are dates which suggest the swing of a mighty pendulum of defeat and victory, aggression and revenge. If, however, historians ever learn to consider history rather from the point of view of human happiness and suffering than from that of national prestige, it will seem almost unimportant to them which side was victor and which was vanquished, which wronged and which the aggressor, and they will be especially grateful to soldiers like Jean-Baptiste Barrès, who does not add much to our knowledge of "historical events," but who tells us a little more how the people who participated in these events on either side acted and suffered.

#### AN ANGLO-IRISH FAMILY.

*Vicissitudes of an Anglo-Irish Family.* By PHILIP BAGENAL. (Clement Ingleby. 21s.)

IRISH history is such an unpleasant subject to the patriotic English reader that it takes something of the personal note of biography to make it at all palatable. In "*Vicissitudes of an Anglo-Irish Family*," Mr. Bagenal does not set out to write Irish history or to criticize English rule in Ireland. Nevertheless, the book is of great historical interest by virtue of its descriptions of the repercussions of political and religious struggles in England upon one Anglo-Irish family. The Bagenal family had its origin among those Elizabethan soldiers of fortune who received grants of land in Ireland in return for military service and administering English rule. Originally Protestant, the family became rapidly assimilated with the Catholic Irish gentry. During the time of the Stuarts, Walter Bagenal, to whom the most interesting chapters of the book are devoted, was so staunch a Royalist that he joined the Rebellion of 1641 and was captured and executed by the Cromwellians twelve years later, and his estates forfeited to the Commonwealth. The Stuart misfortunes were reflected in those of the family, until the death of Queen Anne finally extinguished all Jacobite hopes. In the eighteenth century Beauchamp Bagenal was Member of Parliament for County Carlow. "Subscriptions were talked of for erecting a statue to Grattan's honour"—says Lord Charlemont's Memoirs—"and on the motion of Mr. Bagenal, an inflexible patriot but a singular man and a zealous supporter of the Catholic claims, £50,000 were voted to him by the House of Commons as a reward for his services." Beauchamp Bagenal was a great character, and the descriptions of him throw a vivid light upon the reckless, dissolute, prodigal life of the privileged classes of those days.

#### THE GENESIS OF MYTHS.

*Mythology.* By J. E. HARRISON. "Our Debt to Greece and Rome." (Harrap. 5s.)

A MYTH, it has been said, is a collective dream—the dream of a people. When the dust has settled on the battleground of dream psychology and the functions of the individual's dreams are fixed with some degree of probability, mythology may have to be reconsidered; for, if the above aphorism is true, the function of the myth ought to be analogous to that of the dream. Is it possible, for example, to apply to any types of myth Rivers's hypothesis that "the dream is the solution or attempted solution of a conflict"? If Miss Harrison does not launch out upon this deep, we may be certain that it is not from prudence, for prudence never yet restrained her from following any chase that caught her imagination. Nor has she written the curious work wherein a laborious scholar might compare the ancient gods as they appear in English poetry with the views taken of their nature by the learned of contemporary dates. The poets would be likely to come best out of this examination:



Keats would be ahead of Lemprière. What Miss Harrison has done is to present a vivid and exquisite picture of some figures in the Greek pantheon, and to explain how she thinks they came there, with a fine disregard of the proportions which the several Olympians might have expected they would assume. Poseidon would be pleased with his forty-four pages; the goddesses would be more than content with half the book; but how would Father Zeus feel at finding that, in the last three pages, he is fobbed off with a sort of honorary degree? If the book were really about our debt to Greek mythology, as the editors allege it to be, there might here be some ground of complaint. But it is in fact designed to illustrate some theories of origins which specially interest the author. She holds that mythology springs "from the worshipper's reactions to his environment. There *are*, we repeat, no ancient gods" (it is very hard for scholars to remember this); "there *are* ancient reactions, emotions, activities, embodied in representations. It is for us to discover those reactions. In a word, mythology is *pre*-history, and when it is confirmed by archeology we may venture to trust it" (p. 58). The image arises where the reaction is delayed; "if reaction were instant, we should have no image, no representation, no art, no theology" (p. xiv). Here, perhaps, might be mentioned the curious point made by Socrates in the "Symposium," that the image of Eros as conceived by the poet Agathon is an image, not of desire, but of the desirable—of the object of Eros, not of Eros himself. Is it always the "reaction" or the emotion that is embodied in the representation?

The reader will find in this book all the charm and vitality he expects, and there are some things in it to startle and waylay the learned.

#### THE MODERN NATURALIST.

**Waterside Creatures.** By FRANCES PITT. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6s.)

**The Life of the Bat.** By CHARLES DERENNES. (Thornton Butterworth. 6s.)

We had never read any of Miss Pitt's writings until a few years ago we fell in with "Woodland Creatures," a book which showed us at once that there had appeared a new writer in the best traditions of the classical English natural historians. "Waterside Creatures" fully confirms the promise of that charming book. It is as an observer of animal life in the field and as a recorder of those observations that Miss Pitt shines conspicuously. She has great patience, the first requisite of the field historian; a keen eye for what is important; a rare love of and sympathy for wild creatures; and a remarkable power of translating into language, without fuss or sentimentality, her own enthusiasm and the charm which she finds in the country and its humbler inhabitants. In her present book every chapter contains proof of these merits, but there are four in particular which are models for the field historian: one on the water-vole, one on the heron, and two on otters. The best things in the book are to be found in the chapters on the otters. Miss Pitt is one of those naturalists who has a genius for making friends with and taming wild animals, and for observing their habits in semi-captivity. In her previous book the observations which she was thus able to make on badgers kept by her were extraordinarily valuable and interesting, and here again she makes a real contribution to our knowledge of the habits of otters by her observations on two otters which were kept as "pets" by her. These chapters are also written with a freshness and humour which are delightful.

We remarked above that Miss Pitt writes without fuss or sentimentality. The absence of sentimentality is a great and a rare merit in books of this sort. If the reader wants proof of this statement, let him read M. Derennes's "Life of the Bat" and compare it with "Waterside Creatures." Up to a point the French writer will just bear comparison with the English. His is a really interesting book. M. Derennes also has any amount of patience, a real love for his subject and subjects, and his book is both a valuable contribution to our knowledge of bats and eminently readable. It is marred, however, by a vein of sentimentality which frequently sent the cold shudders down the back of at least one reader.

#### THE TWO SAMUEL BUTLERS.

**The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler.** By SAMUEL BUTLER. Two vols. (Cape.)

AMONG the sumptuous volumes of the Shrewsbury edition of the works of Samuel Butler, two will probably be opened less often than the others. "The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler" cannot compare for vivacity or interest with the "Way of All Flesh" or the "Note-Books." The book is open to criticism from many points of view. It is too long; it is too dull; it is too shapeless; for chapters at a time it reads as if a skewer had been run through a bundle of old letters, and the printer had plodded his way doggedly through the file unaided. Though ostensibly devoted to the life of Dr. Butler, the figure of the Bishop himself remains transparent; the very buildings of Shrewsbury School stand before us more plainly than the person of their Headmaster. But Samuel Butler the younger had certain qualities which, if they made it impossible for him to write a good biography, made it equally impossible for him to write a dull book. He had the virtues and vices of the crank; he was honest, angular, and egotistical; something of himself enters into whatever he did; whatever he touched, even with the tips of his fingers, he twisted a little this way or that. Hence though his life of his grandfather fails as a biography, as an autobiography it is full of amusement. Without intending any such thing, by his selections and omissions, his humour and his commentary, he has, in these two volumes, written a notable description of himself, added a valuable prelude to the "Way of All Flesh."

The salient points of Samuel Butler the younger are his originality, his eye for queer angles, and his love for odd human situations. So we find him lighting upon the story of Dr. Butler and Mr. Jeudwine, who, being irrevocably bound together at Shrewsbury as headmaster and second master, were so incompatible by temperament, that "for seven and thirty years [they] addressed each other by letter. They generally wrote in the third person, and presented their compliments to one another. . . . The two men were reconciled as Mr. Jeudwine lay on his death-bed. I have been told, but cannot vouch for it, that they took the Sacrament together—a scene than which I can imagine nothing more full of pathos." But has not Butler invented the whole thing? we ask, and was it not his genius that christened Mr. Jeudwine, and his imagination that made the two schoolmasters take the Sacrament in the end, after calling each other "Dear Sir" for seven and thirty years? Such is the potency of style that it makes its own whatever it touches, and forbids its victims to live under any other conditions than those which it dictates. Next, stuck in between a sheaf of letters about Æschylus (and we know Butler's private opinion of that great man), we come to a far more congenial topic—the disappearance of Owen Parfitt, the bedridden shepherd of Shepton Mallet. One evening "between light and dark, when the mowing grass was about," the old man vanished from his armchair at the cottage door and was never heard of again. The Bishop and the grandson were both profoundly interested in the mystery. The Bishop sent for some derelict bones to examine; but they proved to be those of a young woman. The grandson, long afterwards, went to Shepton Mallet to make inquiries on the spot, and was rewarded by an old woman's remark that she had heard the story, "but whether it was true, or whether it was a miracle, that we shall never know." "I felt," said Butler, "as one who had stooped to pick up a piece of glass and has found a diamond." Again, the quizzical and caustic humour of Butler, after lying submissively dormant beneath heaps of school politics and scholars' dissertations, flickers round the figure of "old Till," the fishing scholar and parson, that red-faced "queer old rogue . . . who never sees me without uttering imprecations on my head for defrauding him of a beefsteak which he says I have long promised him." It alights on Porson drinking deep and talking late, and telling an undergraduate the history of his life, and how in his poverty he "used to lie awake through the whole night, and wish for a large pearl." It shows us the Bishop picking up a human rib on the field of Waterloo, and Dr. Darwin suspecting that his son Charles has damp blankets on his bed; and Mrs. Butler engaging a cook, and an obscure schoolboy making tradesmen and business men believe that he was a millionaire—

in short, whenever we are amused or interested, it is because we see the author of the "Way of All Flesh" grinning from behind his decorous disguise. We are told very little about the Bishop, but a great deal about his acute, uncompromising, opinionated grandson, that king of the cranks, Samuel Butler.

## ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN'S reminiscences ("Memories of Forty-eight Years' Service," Murray, 25s.) will be read with respectful attention because their author has not taken any part in angry controversy or recriminations. Mr. W. L. Courtney supplies reminiscences of a different kind in "The Passing Hour" (Hutchinson, 18s.). "The Early Life and Letters of Cavour, 1810-1848," by A. J. Whyte (Oxford University Press, 15s.), presents to English readers for the first time the results of recent researches, and a full translation of the early letters. "Sidelights on the Thirty Years' War," by H. G. R. Reade (Kegan Paul, 45s.), appears to be a remarkably comprehensive study in three volumes; as in a different field is Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeill's "Studies in the Constitution of the Irish Free State" (Talbot Press, 12s. 6d.). "A Geographical Introduction to History," by Lucien Febvre (Kegan Paul, 16s.), is added to the "History of Civilization" series. "The Heart of Aryavarta: A Study of the Psychology of Indian Unrest," by the Earl of Ronaldshay (Constable, 14s.), completes Lord Ronaldshay's trilogy of Indian studies. "Zionism," by Leonard Stein (Benn, 6s.), appears opportunely during Lord Balfour's visit to Palestine.

"The Studio" has produced a very attractive book entitled "Adventures by Sea from Art of Old Time," by Basil Lubbock (63s.), in which many fine sea-pictures are reproduced. "Some Umbrian Cities," by Ada M. Harrison and R. S. Austin (Black, 7s. 6d.), is pleasantly illustrated by pencil drawings

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**Guests and Memories: Annals of a Seaside Villa.** By UNA TAYLOR. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.)

The works of Henry Taylor are neither acted nor much read nowadays, nevertheless his name is almost bound to be mentioned whenever the Tennysons, or the Victorians, are discussed. He has taken his place permanently, though not prominently, as a member of a circle, and is thus assured of immortality. We are familiar with the knightly-looking old man, with his flowing beard and his flowing robes, who, without our knowing exactly why, is a person of eminence and distinction among the eminent and distinguished. In this affectionate book, an impression rather than a biography, his daughter tells us something more. He was a lonely boy, bred in the North, who, observing the world through a telescope from the roof, once saw a sister greet a brother on his return with joy. This telescope vision "was the only phenomenon of human emotion which I had witnessed for three years," he observed. Later at the Colonial Office, married, after a tempestuous wooing, to Alice Spring-Rice—whose vivacity and spirit are refreshingly unusual in the wives of Victorian poets—he moved, of course, among all the luminaries of his time. Mrs. Norton, Stevenson, Tennyson, Mrs. Cameron, Jowett, Carlyle—that is the circle, and they centred round Bourne-mouth, which Taylor discovered, a lovely village, and lived to see what it is to-day.

**Life in the Occupied Area.** By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

In this book Mrs. Hinkson records the impressions made on a benevolent and sensitive mind by a sojourn of some considerable duration in the Occupied Rhineland. (Mrs. Hinkson is not concerned to be at all precise in her indication of time periods, but the impression is gained that her stay covered a period beginning at some time in 1921 or 1922 and ending at some time not earlier than the latter part of 1923. She was thus able to witness the effects

on Rhenish life and mentality of the French occupation of the Ruhr.) To the seeker after enlightenment on political or economic problems Mrs. Hinkson has little of consequence to offer. She does not, indeed, attempt to probe to any depth into matters of this order. Her concern is with the Rhinelander as a human being, individually and in the mass: and most particularly with his children, of whom she gives a series of quite enchanting pictures. Her descriptions of nature, too, are frequently of real beauty. It is easy to find fault with details of Mrs. Hinkson's artistic method: with a certain excessive looseness of general structure, and with a tendency to repetition both of phrases and scenes. The broad fact remains that she contrives to give body in her writing to a genuine imaginative apprehension of a sector of human life. Her book is therefore not only a pleasant human document. It has in it something of the quality of art.

**La Jeunesse de Prosper Mérimée, 1803-1834.** By PIERRE TRAHARD. Two vols. (Paris: Champion. 60 fr.)

This is a marvellous specimen of French erudition in which 750 pages are devoted to the first thirty years of Mérimée's life. It is difficult to say which is more surprising—that anyone should have written such a book, or that anyone should have published it when written. In fact, it transcends its subject and becomes a treatise on the romantic movement, with which Mérimée was so closely associated. M. Trahard is enormously learned, and has searched out all the varied sources from which Mérimée drank in his inspiration. Mérimée was a cosmopolitan both in life and letters, equally devoted to Shakespeare and the Athenæum Club, to Lope de Vega and the Paseo Castellana. Hence it comes that despite his own terse, almost over-fastidious, style and temperament, he lends himself to M. Trahard's microscopic treatment. He was a series of paradoxes, a classical atheist fed on romantic enthusiasm, a man of the world and a scholar, a highly moral Don Juan, as French in mentality as he was cosmopolitan in sympathy. Almost more than anyone else, he made Shakespeare, Calderon, and Pushkin known to Frenchmen. Perhaps as a result of all these qualities he is even more appreciated abroad than he is in his own country. Such a very long book appears rather alarming, but, in truth, its English readers will find in it a great deal which is of particular interest to them. It would be difficult to imagine a more erudite, conscientious, or lucid piece of literary history. M. Trahard modestly states that his own object is merely to encourage further researches, but we doubt if, after this book, anyone will venture over the same ground again. Perhaps he will now endeavour to edit a complete and trustworthy edition of Mérimée's correspondence. Few great letter-writers have ever suffered more at the hands of their publishers.

**Mainly Victorian.** By STEWART M. ELLIS. (Hutchinson. 21s.)

Mr. Ellis is permeated through and through with Victorianism. Not since the great Queen died have we come across the delightful excuse for publishing a book that "many friends have desired it." Only a Victorian, too, could call the "London Mercury" "that super-organ of the youthfully clever." Genuine admiration has done what time, rather cruelly, accomplished but imperfectly; for all that we can see, Mr. Ellis might have been born in 1837 and died in 1901. To his thinking, "Victorian" stands for everything stately and peaceful, good, solid, happy, and "typical of English life at its best." This theme he has illustrated by fifty-eight papers, mainly about minor Victorians—James Grant, Frank Smedley, and Mrs. Antrobus are not famous—and one or two outlaws like Tutankhamen, who, though they seem to have mistaken the proper time for being born, rather flagrantly have been forgiven. Mainly Victorian the book certainly is, and for those nimble enough to hop and skip and flit and swing upon the fifty-eight perches provided, entertaining enough. But we cannot commend Mr. Ellis as a judge of poetry.

**Palgrave's Dictionary of Political Economy.** Vol I, A—E. Vol. II, F—M. Edited by HENRY HIGGS. (Macmillan. 36s. each.)

This well-known dictionary was originally published thirty years ago. The method pursued in this new edition is to reprint in the first part of each volume, with some corrections and modifications, from the original plates, and then in an Appendix to add additional articles and continuations of the original articles. Mr. Higgs points out that many of the original articles by eminent contributors retain a permanent historical value which is little affected by the lapse of thirty years.



## OXFORD BOOKS

### *The World's Classics* 2/- net each

A series that grows apace, both in scope and popularity. Good print, paper and binding in a conveniently small compass. The latest volumes are :—

BARCHESTER TOWERS by Anthony Trollope  
RACHEL RAY by Anthony Trollope  
SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS

by J. A. Froude  
SELECTED POEMS OF AUSTIN DOBSON  
SELECTED MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS

### *The World's Manuals* 2/6 net each

A series of introductory volumes on various subjects : it is intended for the student, to give him an idea of the landmarks, and to give a wide survey for the general reader. Recently published are :—

POPULATION by A. Carr-Saunders  
OUTLINES OF A PHILOSOPHY OF ART  
by R. G. Collingwood  
EUROPE OVERSEAS by J. A. Williamson  
MODERN POLITICAL THEORY by C. E. M. Joad

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS PUBLICATIONS

A NUMBER OF IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS ON THE  
FOLLOWING SUBJECTS ARE  
AVAILABLE :—

REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS.  
INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN VARIOUS  
COUNTRIES.  
TRAFFIC IN OPIUM.  
CUSTOMS FORMALITIES.  
EPIDEMIC DISEASE.  
COMMUNICATIONS AND TRANSIT.

Will you allow us to send full details and list post free on  
inquiry?  
CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.  
10-12 ORANGE ST. W.C.2.

## United Kingdom Provident Institution.

Funds Exceed £14,000,000.

Chairman :

The Rt. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN, M.P.

The Institution grants Whole-Life  
without Profit policies on specially  
favourable terms for amounts of  
£1,000 and upwards, both in the  
General and Temperance Sections.

Head Office—196, Strand, London, W.C.2

## Q

A new volume by

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch  
**CHARLES DICKENS  
AND OTHER VICTORIANS**  
Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net

Previous volumes

ON THE ART OF WRITING  
Library edition. 6th imp. 10s. 6d. net  
Pocket edition. 2nd imp. 5s. net

ON THE ART OF READING  
Library edition. 3rd imp. 15s. net  
Pocket edition. 5s. net

STUDIES IN LITERATURE  
FIRST SERIES  
Library edition. 3rd imp. 14s. net  
Pocket edition. 2nd imp. 5s. net  
SECOND SERIES  
Library edition. 2nd imp. 12s. 6d. net

ADVENTURES IN CRIT-  
ICISM  
Pocket edition. 5s. net

CAMBRIDGE  
UNIVERSITY  
PRESS  
Fetter Lane  
E.C. 4



**Your Suit**  
is no older  
than it looks

Like a woman, a suit is as old as it looks and it is our business to prevent suits looking old and to restore their appearance if they have been allowed to get "shabby." It is mainly a matter of cleaning and pressing and the cost is trifling. For 6/6 we remove all spots, stains and dirt which have been absorbed by the fabric, brighten up the pattern, restore the shape and really make an "old" suit "look like new." Illustrated Book-let "Clothes Count" sent on request.

## Achille Serre Ltd

Head Office and Works :  
Hackney Wick, London, E.9.

Agents and Branches Everywhere.

A Specimen Copy of "THE NATION and THE ATHENÆUM" will be sent to any address on application to the Publisher.

## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## DANZIG AND FOREIGN ISSUES—DUNLOP RUBBER AND RESTRICTION.

THE League of Nations, jealous of its financial reputation, will not be displeased at the success of the Danzig 7 per cent. loan, which was issued, not so precisely under its auspices as were the Austrian, Hungarian, German, and Greek reconstruction loans, but with its approval and co-operation. This issue of £1,500,000 7 per cent. Sterling Bonds at 90 was over-subscribed about eight times, and by the day these lines appear in print the allotments will have been made. We understand that a determined effort has been made to deal with the more obvious "stags" and to treat sympathetically the genuine small investor, who received little satisfaction from the last League of Nations loan. Probably the small investor will receive 50 per cent. of his application for the Danzig loan. Dealings should commence at a premium of 1 to 1½ points, but the price ought not to stand higher than that of the Greek 7 per cent. loan, having regard to the comparative political and financial security and the attraction of annual drawings at par in the latter case. The success of this loan once more demonstrates the value of a prospectus which contains full information intelligently presented. In connection with this issue it is pertinent to discuss the unofficial embargo which is still in force against the placing of foreign loans on the London market. The effects of this embargo can be seen in the quarter's returns of capital issues. According to the calculation of the Midland Bank, the amounts raised for domestic purposes showed a very large increase (nearly 140 per cent.) over the corresponding quarter of 1924, while the amounts raised for foreign countries showed more than a 50 per cent. decline, and that for the Dominions nearly a 20 per cent. decline. The details are as follows (in thousands):—

First Quarter.	Great Britain.	Dominions.	Foreign Countries.	Total.
1925 ...	£41,624	7,691	8,209	57,525
1924 ...	£17,600	9,752	19,900	47,252

These figures do not, however, disclose the whole situation. Just because there has been an unofficial embargo on foreign issues in the London market, there has been an unofficial flight of British capital to foreign issues on the New York market. For example, it is estimated that fully two-thirds of the portion of the Greek 7 per cent. loan raised in New York has come into the hands of British holders, while the issue on April 1st of \$15,000,000 State of San Paulo 25-year 8 per cent. Gold Bonds at 99½ was heavily over-subscribed, chiefly because of the applications from investors in this and other foreign countries. Our contemporary the "Times" has been lecturing brokers on the iniquity of conducting this kind of business in violation of the policy of the embargo; but the broker is an agent, and we fail to understand how he can stay in business if he refuses to act as an agent for his clients. If his agency were not available for foreign issues abroad, some other agency would take his place. The people with some cause for complaint are those firms who lose the flotation profits which they would have made if the embargo had not prevented the issue of these loans on the London market. It is difficult to estimate whether the effect on the sterling exchange of this flow of British capital has been much less than the effect which foreign issues in London would have had.

The recovery in the Dunlop Rubber Co., according to the report given by Sir Eric Geddes at the annual general meeting, has certainly been remarkable. Sir Eric ventured to prophesy that this was the last year when the ordinary shareholders would be asked to forego a dividend. His attack on the rubber restriction scheme

was probably not so acceptable to those of his shareholders who were also shareholders in rubber companies. The Dunlop Rubber Co., as consumer of its own rubber estates' produce, is in the unhappy position of being denied the right to bring home for its own use the rubber it has grown and harvested, while it is obliged to buy from others, chiefly foreigners, the raw rubber for use in the English factories. With this provocation the feelings of Sir Eric Geddes can be understood. The vital question, as we have pointed out before, is whether the restriction scheme is allowing an increasing proportion of the world's rubber trade to pass into foreign hands. The figures of export of Dutch native rubber certainly show a remarkable increase—1922 27,000 tons, 1923 53,000 tons, 1924 81,000 tons (in order to arrive at the weight of dry rubber a deduction of about 33½ per cent. has to be made for moisture and other impurities)—but the exponents of the restriction scheme argue that the bulk of the native rubber trees from which these exports were derived were planted before the scheme came into existence; that it is impossible to say what proportion of the world's trade the native producers are capturing through the restriction scheme; and that the natives have continued planting on a scale probably not larger than is required to make up the wasting of bark reserves following upon the drastic tapping methods which the natives employ. It is also urged that the increase of the production of other non-restrictive areas has not been abnormal, and that the restriction scheme prevented a large number of British companies from being liquidated, thus enabling large tracts of rubber land to be kept in cultivation and bark reserves to be maintained, which is all potential British production. We hope that these arguments will be found reassuring, but we confess to derive greater comfort from the consideration that as the stocks of crude rubber are now apparently so low as to be irreducible, current production will barely meet current absorption, and that therefore the percentages of production exportable at the minimum rate of duty from the restricting areas should now show increases each quarter for the remainder of the year. If this proves to be true, next year should see the restriction scheme well on the way to abolition.

The movement in security values during March, as revealed in the monthly index-figures of the "Investors' Chronicle," continued downward at a slightly greater pace than in the previous two months. The average for all stocks is back to the level of October 31st, 1924, and is about 3 per cent. below December 31st, 1924, which was the highest figure of recent years. Why this downward movement is described by our contemporary as a "healthy and natural reaction" we do not know. It is quite clear that as regards industrial companies the unsheltered are having a very unhealthy time. The coal companies' index-figure declined by six points to 88.5, and iron and steel by 6.8 to 70.9, during March—the lowest figures ever recorded—while the sheltered or miscellaneous industrials advanced to 118.4, the highest level since the boom period of 1920. Gas and Electrical Companies further rose to 119.8. The fall of nearly a point in Gilt-edged stocks reflected the rise in the Bank Rate of March 2nd. Whether this downward movement will continue depends largely upon the decision as to the return to gold. It is rumoured in American financial quarters that the Governor of the Bank will shortly return to New York to negotiate a gold stabilization loan as a preliminary to the return to gold, and that the New York rate is to be raised to 4 per cent. and met by a corresponding rise in the Bank Rate here. In such an event the voice of the Stock Exchange will certainly be joined with those who are urging the Government to go slow in this matter of the return to gold.



# Stepping-Stones

What was it the brook sang? "I chatter, chatter, as I go to join the brimming river . . ." Lovers of Tennyson will remember the beautiful poem, and will recall the picture of the busy brook, bubbling over its rocky bed, which the rhythm of the words has conjured up in their minds. How descriptive of our own busy lives! What a mixture of calms and rapids. The merry rippling of our early days; the gushing torrent of our exuberant youth; the whirl of our manhood through the difficult rocks which beset our daily path; the deep calm flow of age; the quietness when deep meets deep as we "cross the bar." No stream of water can rightfully aspire to the title of "brook" unless in its picturesque meanderings it crosses a country path and gurgles noisily round the stepping-stones which some careful farmer has placed across its bed. Visions of holidays in our childhood's years rise in our memories, and we see again the verdant little corners close by the fringe of the woods where the brook tumbled out clamorously, and we crossed over by the stepping-stones, holding tightly to the branch of a tree, pausing mid-way to see the reflection of ourselves, distorted so funnily in the quivering silver mirror beneath us. And how confident we were in the help the stones gave us, never dreaming that they might ever be removed. If ever we had gone rambling one day, and crossed the brook, and on our return found the stepping-stones gone, what would have been our dismay to have met only a stretch of water whose depths and rapid flow effectually barred our progress!

Such a calamity so often happens in the little journey of childhood. Day by day the little feet use the stepping-stones of a mother's love and a father's care; and so unconsciously do they rely upon these stones that when suddenly they are removed, the gap, the obstacle, appals and affrights the tender minds. It is such an ordinary daily thing to see "daddy" to climb on his lap; to seek his help in games; to dive in his big pockets for treasures; and to lean on him for food, clothing, and that gentle but valuable advice which he had for all. But when a sudden illness or accident carries Daddy off and leaves the little family without their natural protector, it is like coming face to face with a rushing stream from which the stepping-stones have been removed.



For boys and girls whose pathway is thus made difficult, whose progress is stayed by the loss of the father, kind friends have made it possible to replace the "stepping-stones" by which they may cross from infancy to manhood or womanhood. For over 187 years, stepping-stones to useful careers have been provided by the Alexandria Orphanage, which steps in after father's death and undertakes the full care of the little people until they are old enough and strong enough to shoulder their own burdens. The school at Haverstock Hill in the north west of London, shelters at the present time three hundred fatherless boys and girls from all parts of the country and the dominions. Some are motherless as well, and in some cases although the father is not dead, he is incurably ill and helpless. Here in cheerful surroundings they live a homely life, receiving a valuable education and Christian training, and when they leave at the age of 15, pathways are opened up for them to satisfactory positions, where they can "make good" as reliable citizens.

Lord Marshall, who has been Treasurer of the Alexandria Orphanage for 22 years, tells us that he needs for the maintenance of the school no less than £16,000 every year. Annual subscriptions and regular income only bring in £5,000 of this, and he is anxious to receive donations from readers of "The Nation" to help in this wonderful and excellent work of saving little children from distress and difficulty. Such an appeal for suffering childhood will surely bring a response from many. Whatever may be the size of your gift, send it to-day to Lord Marshall, at the offices, 73, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2.



## THE KEY TO YOUR OWN HOME

IS THE  
**CO-OPERATIVE**  
PERMANENT  
**BUILDING SOCIETY**

SEND PARTICULARS OF THE HOUSE YOU WISH  
TO PURCHASE OR BUILD AND WE WILL  
ADVISE YOU WHAT WE CAN  
DO TO HELP

ESTABLISHED IN 1884, OUR BUSINESS OF £2,000,000 IN ALL  
PARTS OF THE COUNTRY HAS BEEN BUILT UP BY PROMPT  
ATTENTION, STRAIGHT DEALING AND REASONABLE TERMS  
TO ALL OUR CLIENTS

SEND FOR PAMPHLETS TO

ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT.

22 RED LION SQUARE, W.C. 1.

## BOOKSELLERS.

**BOOKS.**—Fox-Davies Book of Public Arms, new copy, 42s., for 14s.; De La Mare, The Three Mulia-Mulgars, 1st Edit., as new, 11s.; Astarte concerning Lord Byron, by Earl Lovelace, only 125 copies done, £3 10s.; The Sketch, vols 1 to 50, in publisher's blue cloth, a fine lot, 80 vols., £30; Perrin's British Flowering Plants, numerous coloured plates, 4 vols., £8 10s., 1914; Lamb's Last Essays of Elia, 1833, first edition, £7 10s.; Villari, Life and Times of Machiavelli, 2 vols., 1892, £2 2s.; Madden's United Irishmen, many illus., 12 vols., £8, 1916; The Dome, a quarterly, containing examples of all the arts, complete set, 12 vols., £2 10s.; The Connoisseur, an illus. Magazine for Collectors, vol. 1 to 20, £6 6s.; Stotham's Birds of the British Isles, complete set, £5 5s.; Wooster's Alpine Plants, 1874, 2 vols., 30s.; Robinson's Old Naval Prints, £3 5s.; Ward's Roman Era in Britain, 7s. 6d.; Letters of Queen Victoria, 1907, 3 vols., £3 3s., for 21s.; New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, 2 vols., 11s. 6d.; Pollard's Secret Societies of Ireland, 1922, 6s. 6d.; Ellis, Life of Wagner, 6 vols., 32s., 1900; Phantasms of the Living, 1918, 7s. 9d.; Bayley's Archæic England, 17s.; Kennedy Jones, Fleet Street and Downing Street, 5s., pub. 16s.; Lord Ernest Hamilton, Elizabethan Ulster, 7s., pub. 16s.; Hartmann's Confucius, £2 2s.; Lord Dunsany's Plays of Gods and Men, 1st Edit., 1917, 25s.; Lord Dunsany's A Dreamer's Tales, 1st Edit., 1910, £2 10s.; Lord Dunsany's The Sword of Wellman, 1st Edit., 1908, 30s.; Kendrick's Handwoven Carpets, 2 vols., £5 5s.; Galtton's Inquiries into Human Faculty, 1923, 35s.; Maupassant's Works, 10 vols., £3; Weber's Tales of the East, 1812, 3 vols., £3 3s.; Doyle's The European in India, coloured plates, 1813, £4 4s.; King's Chelsea Porcelain, Edit. de Luxe, 1922, £6 6s.; Hobson, Wares of the Ming Dynasty, Edit. de Luxe, £7 7s.; Costume of the Netherlands, 30 coloured plates, 1817, £4 4s.; Masefield's King Cole, signed copy, £3 10s.; Strang's Earth Fiend, signed copy, £6 10s. If you want a book and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. I am the most expert bookfinder extant.—**BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP**, John Bright Street, Birmingham. **BOOKS WANTED.**—Jowett's Plato, 5 vols.; Rashdall's Universities, 3 vols.; Scott's Cathedral Builders; Crawley's Mystic Rose; Conrad's Reminiscences, 1912; Boerbohm's Happy Hypocrite, paper covers, 1897; More, 1899; Yet Again, 1st Edit., 1909; Oscar Wilde's Poems, 1902; The Sphinx, 1894; Stevenson's Deacon Brodie, paper covers, 1880; Stevenson's Edinburgh, 1879; A Child's Garden of Verses, 1st Edit., 1885; Joly, Legend in Japanese Art, 1909; A Shropshire Lad, 1896.

## AUTHORS' AGENTS & TYPEWRITING.

**TYPEWRITING** and **DUPLICATING**, MSS. 1s. per 1,000 words. Carbon Copy 3d. per 1,000 words. Prompt and accurate work.—Miss Nancy McFarlane (B), 11, Palmeira Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

**TYPEWRITING.**—Every description. Accurately and promptly copied by experienced typist.—Miss Hilditch, 35, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.

**TYPEWRITING.**—Short Stories, Testimonials, &c., copied, 1,000 words, 1s.—Dolwen, Daisy Bank Rd., Victoria Pk., Manchester.

The 1925 edition of the Stock Exchange Official Intelligence (called affectionately "Burdett," after the name of the Secretary of the Stock Exchange who first compiled it) contains more than the usual mine and mint of information. Particulars are given of about 1,600 more companies and 100 more bond issues than were contained in the 1924 edition. This abnormal addition to its bulk follows upon the decision not to exclude in future the particulars of private companies. No City Editor could exist a day without this priceless volume of 1,882 pages (not including appendices). No broker but regards it as his office bible. In addition to the company matter will be found invaluable statistics on the finances of home corporations and counties, colonial Governments, and foreign Governments, as well as a mass of general information on forms and company regulations. We would only wish that the company particulars could be printed in tabular form (as, we believe, was done in the beginning), which would be less trying to the eyes, but we have no doubt that the cost would then be prohibitive. As it is, it has been reduced in price to the very low figure of 60s. net (Spottiswoode & Co.).

### SOUDANESE LOANS.

**S** OUDANESE loans are at present a contingent liability of His Majesty's Treasury. It is, however, fit and proper that the actual position of the borrower should be examined. The main sources of revenue of this fertile country are the land tax, animal tax, royalties, customs, railways and steamers, and posts and telegraphs. The chief of these are railways and steamers, which in 1922 accounted for £E1,624,000 out of a total revenue of £E3,484,500. Expenditure was £E3,482,800. In 1920 revenue was £E4,425,340 and expenditure £E3,564,848, and in 1921 the respective figures were £E4,069,235 and £E3,900,242.

Financial conditions during 1923, the last year for which official information is forthcoming, were fairly satisfactory, though less so than was anticipated when the budget was framed, owing, it is stated, to world-wide trade depression. Another adverse factor was the steady fall in the price of cattle, which has for a long time been diminishing the purchasing power of the community, thus rendering it difficult in certain districts to collect taxes in cash.

The revenue and expenditure for 1923 were estimated at the slightly lower figure of £E3,465,000. A rigid policy of economy is being carried out, owing to the fact that the Government is faced with a steadily increasing expenditure in respect of personnel and pensions, while the Egyptian Government has withdrawn the contribution of £E23,000 per annum formerly made to the repression of the slave trade in the Soudan. In the event, however, the actual results for 1923 were better than had been expected, revenue increasing to £E3,766,133 and expenditure declining to £E3,392,470.

In the official Stock Exchange list Soudan Government loans are all quoted under "British and Indian Government stocks." The reason for this is that they are guaranteed by the British Government—a fact which also accounts for the comparatively low yield.

The total outstanding public debt of the Soudan aggregates £E9,389,250 or £9,630,000. Particulars of the issues quoted on the London Stock Exchange with prices and yields (the latter include profit or loss on redemption except in the case of the 5½ per cent.) are given below:—

Stock.	Redeemable.	Price	Yield
		£	%
5½% Gold Bonds ...	Drawings commence in 1929	109 ...	5 2 9
4½% do. ...	1939-73 ..	94 ...	4 16 9
4% do. ...	1974 ..	87 ...	4 14 6

Coupons on all three stocks are payable at the Bank of England. On the 5½ per cents. and 4 per cents. they are due in May and November, and on the 4½ per cents. in February and August. In addition to the

foregoing, which are Trustee Stocks, there is an issue of about £1½ millions of 4½ per cent. stock of the Kasala Railway quoted under "Debenture Stocks Guaranteed under the Trade Facilities Act." At the present price of 94 the yield on this stock is £4 19s. 3d. Coupons on this are also payable at the Bank of England in January and July of each year.

Among other issues connected with the Soudan, mention may be made of the Soudan Construction and Equipment Company and the Soudan Plantations. The former, whose Debenture stock issue was guaranteed by the British Government under the Trade Facilities Act, is engaged in the important business of constructing certain port and harbour works at Port Soudan and railway rolling stock. The agreement provided that the Soudan Government should purchase the works by half-yearly instalments at a price which would more than cover the interest and sinking fund on the Company's stock. Whether a similar arrangement will be made with the Soudan Plantations is, of course, purely a matter for conjecture. In all probability the Soudan Government has not even seriously considered the question. At the same time, the Company's activities cover a considerable part of the most fertile areas, and the Government may one day find it advantageous to acquire an interest in the undertaking. The only securities of the latter which are officially quoted in London are the Ordinary shares, of which £600,000 is listed in denominations of £1. The present price is £7 7s. 6d., at which the yield is the meagre one of £2 14s. 3d.

### YIELDS OF GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

**T**HE following table is designed to show the net yield for the leading securities on the gilt-edged market in a more informative way than in the usual lists. In the table we give in three columns (1) the flat yield, (2) the yield allowing for accrued interest and loss (or profit) on redemption, and (3) the net yield after deduction of income tax. It is the figure in the last of the three columns that generally matters to the average investor, although he often attends only to the figure in the first column.

	Opening Prices 7 April 1925	Gross Flat Yield	Yield allowing for accrued interest and loss or profit on redemption		
			Gross	Net after deducting Income Tax	
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
<i>Long-dated Securities—</i>					
3% Local Loans ...	66½	4 10 8	4 10 7	3 10 3	
3½% Conversion Loan (1961 or after)	76½	4 11 0	4 11 0	3 10 7	
4% Victory Bonds (1976)	91½	4 7 2	4 9 9	3 10 0	
4% Funding Loan (1960-90)	88½	4 10 8	4 11 0	3 10 8	
<i>Intermediate Securities—</i>					
5% War Loan (1923-47) ...	102½	4 18 0	4 16 3	3 13 11	
4½% Conversion Loan (1940-44)	97½	4 12 7	4 16 1	3 15 0	
<i>Short-dated Securities—</i>					
3½% War Loan (1925-28)	96½	3 12 10	5 0 9	4 4 3	
5% National War Bonds (1927)	105½	4 14 6	4 11 6	3 10 2	
4% National War Bonds (1927)	99½	4 0 2	—	4 1 7	
5½% Treasury Bonds, A & B (1929)	101½	5 8 0	4 19 11	3 15 8	
5½% Treasury Bonds, C (1930)	101½	5 8 2	5 2 0	3 17 9	
5% Treasury Bonds, D (1927)	100½	4 19 10	4 17 11	3 15 6	
4½% Treasury Bonds (1930-32)	97½	4 12 0	4 17 11	3 17 2	
4% Treasury Bonds (1931-33)	93½	4 5 7	4 19 4	4 0 2	
<i>Miscellaneous—</i>					
India 3½% (1931 or after)	68	5 3 0	5 3 1	3 19 11	
Commonwealth of Australia 4½% (1940-60) ...	98½	4 16 2	4 17 9	3 16 1	
Sudan 4% Gtd. (1950-74) ...	87½	4 11 8	4 14 6	3 14 0	
Gt. Western 4% Debs. ...	83½	4 15 10	4 16 8	3 15 1	
L. & N.E.R. 1st 4% Pf.	75½	5 6 0	5 6 0	4 2 2	



1925.

an issue  
Kasala  
anted  
present  
s. 3d.  
nk of

oudan,  
on and  
s. The  
eed by  
es Act,  
ructing  
an and  
nat the  
y half-  
e than  
pany's  
made  
urely a  
Soudan  
ed the  
activi-  
areas,  
tageous  
e only  
ted in  
,000 is  
price is  
one of

IES.

the net  
t-edged  
in the  
columns  
accrued  
(3) the  
is the  
generally  
often

owing for  
terpat and  
profit en  
aption

Net after  
deducting  
income Tax  
£ s. d.

3 10 3

3 10 7

3 10 0

3 10 8

3 13 11

3 15 0

4 4 3

3 10 2

4 1 7

3 15 8

3 17 9

3 15 6

3 17 2

4 4 0 2

3 19 11

3 16 1

6 3 14 0

8 3 15 1

0 4 2 2